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AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

ANOTHER week has gone by, and it is still as difficult as it ever was to say whether there will be a war in Germany or not. Austria assures Prussia and the world that she has not the remotest intention of going to war. Nothing could be further from her wishes than a dreadful civil conflict between two German States. She is merely guarding against any attack on her, and will abide by the old plain rules of the Confederation, which forbid two German States from making war on each other, and enjoin that all differences shall be settled by the Bund. Nothing can seem fairer, and the language of Austria is as peaceful and proper as could be. How then does it happen that, in spite of such language, war is still thought to be so near? The answer is, that Prussia has announced that she will annex the Duchies, and that, if peace is to be preserved, Prussia must consent to yield. She will have matched herself with Austria, and have owned herself to be out-matched. That the *status quo* should be preserved will be held throughout Germany a victory for Austria, and Austria will have gained this victory on behalf of the Confederation as well as for herself. Hesse Darmstadt has plucked up courage enough to inform Prussia that any attempt on her part to annex the Duchies would be looked on in Germany as a hostile movement to the minor States. Prussia has, however, said she will do this; and, if she now retreats, she will have yielded to the fear of what Austria and the minor States can do to hurt her. Some of the Prussian papers are bold enough and sensible enough to say that it is much better to yield now than to rush, out of mere obstinacy and pride, into an unjustifiable and dangerous war. But then these papers make things pleasant to themselves and their party by drawing a distinction between the Prussian Government and the Prussian nation. The Prussian nation will not be in the least degree humiliated by yielding, for it had nothing to do with the rash declaration of an intention to annex the Duchies. The Prussian Government will be very much humiliated, and Count Bismark especially will be openly discomfited and disgraced; but this will not hurt the feelings of the Prussian Liberals, and will, perhaps, give them more pleasure than pain. It is not, however, the Prussian nation, but the Prussian Government that will decide whether there is to be war or not; and any one who examines the whole position of the Prussian Government must see that it has very strong motives for choosing war rather than show signs of weakness and hesitation. The leadership of Germany is a prize worth struggling for, and the firm belief of Count Bismark is that the leadership of Germany is to be won by the exercise and display of force. Those Germans who think as the Duke of Saxe-Coburg thinks believe that North Germany is to be united by the spread of the same liberal principles throughout its whole area. To Count Bismark this is an idle dream. The true way of leading Germany, in his view, is to say plainly that Prussia intends to lead it, and will force those to obey who will not consent to be led. Evidently it is a complete breakdown of such a policy if, on the very first occasion when Prussia ought to act, and to make her petty neighbours act with her, she turns meek and amiable and peace-loving because Austria threatens her, and the minor States are very glad to find that Austria dares to go so far.

The Prussian Government is said to be very much displeased at the replies it has received from the States which it invited to say whether, in case of war, they would make common cause with Prussia or not. Most of them have evaded the question, and have taken shelter under the article of the Federal Constitution which prohibits all contests between its members. This does not suit Prussia, and Prussia accordingly declares in return that the Federal Constitution must be altered. If a war is made, it will be made, as the King has declared, for something more than Schleswig-

Holstein. It will be made for half, at least, of the small States of Germany. Every one knows this, and yet the most remarkable feature in the whole of this German business is that the minor States neither side with Prussia nor against her. It is not merely that they shrink from any active measures, for that is to be expected from Powers to whom all activity is alien and may possibly be ruinous. The utmost that Reuss and Lippe can wish for is to be let alone and forgotten for ever, as they probably would be if it were not for the odious compilers of geography books, who will mention them when no one else would think of being so unkind as to remind mankind of their existence. But these little States do not even show a decided wish as to their fate. They do not much sympathize with either Austria or Prussia. In Bavaria, a Southern and a Catholic State, the feeling of the Government is said to be Prussian; and in the adjacent monarchy of Wurtemberg it is said that every one, the King included, is going to think as the Queen thinks, when she has made up her mind what to think. Austria is supposed for the moment to be the champion of the Confederation, but no one seems to be particularly grateful to her, or to be enthusiastic for her success. To be very quiet and prudent and inactive, and to find out as quickly as possible which is likely to be the strongest side, is the policy of these little States, so far as they can be said to have a policy. They seem to share the conviction of Prussia that the old order of their being must change, and give place to a new order. The quiet ridicule that attaches to them eats gently into their self-respect and their belief that they can last. One of their number lately came to an end, and Hesse Homburg has ceased to exist. But it was feared that the improvident and pragmatical morality of the Chamber of the larger Hesse, in which Homburg was merged, might cause the gambling lottery of Homburg to be closed; and to prevent that frightful catastrophe it was arranged that Homburg should not be incorporated in the larger Hesse, but merely united to it by a personal union. This infantine playing at kingship, and these cunning devices and monarchical technicalities, all to keep a German hell going in its mild way, instil a conviction of the hollowness of the whole thing even into the minds of those whom long habit prevents from seeing its full absurdity. Nowhere are there any signs of a keen wish for independence, or of a keen desire for incorporation in a larger State. The mass of the Germans neither love Prussia nor hate her, neither like little States nor prefer large States, but merely wait to see what will become of them; and even those whose feelings are most deeply stirred feel probably very much as London householders feel when a metropolitan railway gives them notice to quit. To turn out is a nuisance, but then there is the compensation; and there will be new furniture to choose, but not to pay for; and perhaps the new house they get may suit them better than that they give up; and at the worst the evil is an endurable one, and they will still be Londoners and householders.

Prussia is naturally looking out for allies, and the first ally sought for is, of course, France. In order to follow the accepted tradition as to the proper manoeuvres to be played off at such a crisis, a pamphlet has been published at Paris, which is evidently inspired by the Prussian Government. It first tries to prove that France is the best ally for Prussia, and that Prussia is the best ally for France. The first half of the argument is easily proved, but a good pamphleteer is not to be cut short, and so it is shown in an elaborate way that France is a better ally than England, Russia, or Italy. Nominally, the pamphlet is supposed to be the composition of a Frenchman, but the nationality of the writer soon peeps out. We are told that Russia could never be really a friendly ally to Prussia, because Russia must always be afraid of the Prussian fleet, which could sweep Russia out of the Baltic and threaten Cronstadt whenever it liked. No Frenchman who has the dimmest recollection of the Crimean war could ever have formed this opinion of the

comparative merits of the Russian and Prussian fleets. Nations that have engaged in real maritime war know what an enormous advantage it is in a fleet that it should exist. The reasons why England is valueless as an ally may be imagined. She would never be a faithful ally, for she would always be jealous lest the great Prussian navy should wrest from her the command of the sea; and she could never be dangerous as a foe, for Prussia could at any moment get up a Fenian insurrection in Ireland, or a mutiny of the Sepoys in India, and England would be instantly paralysed. France, however, would be the most useful and trustworthy of allies, and the only difficulty, as the pamphleteer sees, is to discover why France should care for the Prussian alliance. The greatest inducement would be an increase of territory, and the thing is to decoy the French, by a liberal use of eloquent language, into wanting as little Prussian territory as possible. The left bank of the Rhine is out of the question, for a great nation like France is not dependent on a river frontier, and would never ask for such a thing. Nor is it necessary for a patriotic Prussian to think of giving up to France any of the fortresses which were expressly assigned to Prussia, by the Congress of Vienna, to keep France in check. But at Sarrelouis there is a coal-field, and Sarrelouis is on the French frontier. Might not France be content with a coal-field? This is the bright idea of the Prussian pamphleteer. France is to arm half a million of her soldiers, she is to keep Russia quiet, she is to set Italy in motion, and is to grind Austria to powder, all for the exclusive benefit of Prussia, and then she is to be paid for it in coal. We commend this pamphlet to the notice of those who think that Continental writers have profound views on European politics, to which Englishmen are necessarily blind through their isolation and want of intelligence. At any rate we may be quite sure that, if this organ of the Prussian Government were right, the last hope of peace would be gone. That which will keep Prussia quiet, if war is averted, is not the fear of Germany or of Austria, but the knowledge that a civil war in Germany would make France the mistress of the situation, and that there is no saying what France would demand. It would be uncommonly pleasant if she only asked for a little coal, but then it is possible that she might also ask for Trèves, and a few other towns, to burn it in.

THE REFORM BILL.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be said that the meetings which have been held in various parts of the country to support the Reform Bill have shown that the measure excites any great enthusiasm, yet they have elicited an expression of sympathy with Reform the sincerity of which is not to be questioned. Three thoughts more especially seem to have been uppermost in the minds of speakers and hearers. There has been a genuine satisfaction in the lowering of the franchise, and the consequent addition of a large number of working-men to the electoral body. There has been an earnest desire that a Reform Bill of some sort should be carried, and that the question should not drag on for ever, stopping all other business, and consuming the time of Parliament in devising plans of constitutional change. Lastly, there has been a strong inclination to support the Ministry in its attempt to get a Reform Bill passed, and to let the leaders of the Liberal party decide what shall be the course of action. In all these views we entirely concur, and what we deplore is that the Government, by the form they have thought fit to give their Bill, should have chosen to alienate so many of those who honestly wish to see a considerable increase in the number of voters, who are anxious to have a Reform Bill passed and the question done with for the present, and who acknowledge that practically men who wish for Reform must give up many of their own fancies and crotchets, and abide by the decision to which those who have to frame the measure may come. But we do not find in any of the numerous speeches that have been made, except perhaps in that of Mr. BAINES, any attempt to deal with the real difficulty that is raised by the character of the Government measure. With most of what we read we agree. It is quite true, for example, that, as any figure fixed must be selected by a kind of haphazard, there is no great objection to the particular numbers of 71. and 141.; and it may be probable that no lower number would have satisfied the Tories, and no higher number would have satisfied the Liberals. It is also true that the arguments used by speakers like Mr. LOWE go against any reduction of the franchise; and that it is unwise and unfair in men like Mr. HORSMAN to judge of working-men by their worst specimens. But the issue to be de-

cided in Parliament is not whether such a reduction as the Government proposes is a good thing, but whether it is a good thing to propose such a reduction and to leave the question of redistribution until this reduction has been carried. At public meetings like those held at Edinburgh, at Carlisle, at Sheffield, at Rochdale, and at Leeds, the speakers have it all their own way. If they choose to put a particular proposition before their hearers, there is no one to say that this is not the right proposition for discussion. It is settled who shall speak, and what shall be said; and any one at Leeds, for example, who had wished to say that he was strongly in favour of Reform, but thought it both unfair and impolitic to separate the question of redistribution from that of a reduction of the franchise, would have had no chance of being allowed to speak, or of being heard if he had tried to get a hearing. But next week, when the discussion is resumed in Parliament, it will be impossible for the supporters of the Government not to listen, and endeavour to meet the arguments of their opponents. It was easy for Mr. CHILDERS to say, at Halifax, that the Opposition was merely trying to get rid of Reform by a sidewind; but it would be a very different thing for him to stand up in the House of Commons and prove, by anything like fair reasoning, that the objection on which his opponents rest is merely a sidewind, and not an objection that goes to the root of the measure, as it is now framed. Unless the House of Commons is prepared to follow blindly the orders of the Ministry, it will require to have it prove, in a tolerably satisfactory manner, that to separate the two halves of Reform is not unfair and is not impolitic.

In the first place, it seems to us unfair towards the present Parliament to ask it to create a new electoral body, and leave it to that body to decide how political power shall be arranged and distributed in England. It is taken for granted that a Parliament elected under the Bill, if carried, would be more democratic than the present Parliament; and it needs no proof that on the mode in which the seats are ultimately arranged will depend the whole character of the machinery of government for many years. This Parliament, however, is not to be trusted to decide what this arrangement shall be. It is not to be allowed to say what change in the Constitution is desirable. It is to resign this most important of all functions into the hands of a kind of Constituent Assembly, which will be, it is calculated, democratic enough to be trusted. Mr. BRIGHT is very explicit on this head. No good thing, he says, can be hoped for from Parliaments elected like the existing one. It will be sure to reject, if it dare, every proposal that is at all a good and honest one. Therefore it must be coerced, overawed, and bullied into passing a measure by which it will resign its power into worthier hands. It must be made to act as the Jamaica Assembly acted, which, under the influence of a great panic, abdicated, and asked the Crown to decide how the island should be governed. We call this unfair towards the present Parliament, because no English Parliament, except in the days of CROMWELL, has ever had such a demand made on it, and because nothing that this Parliament has done at all justifies the Government in calling on it to accept so humiliating a position. But those supporters of the Government who are not quite so straightforward and plainspoken as Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BASS deny that this is what is meant. They say that it is not another Parliament, but this very Parliament, that is to be called on to settle the other half of Reform, and that it will know the basis on which the experiment is to be made. We call this unfair towards Parliament, because the guarantee thus supposed to be given it is entirely illusory. The present Parliament, if it passes the measure for the reduction of the franchise, will be free to pass a Bill for redistribution, but it will only be free to pass such a Bill as the Government thinks a more democratic Parliament would sanction; for if it does not, it will be dissolved, and the democratic Parliament will be called into existence at once, in order that it may distribute political power according to its own views. Nor is it possible that Parliament should really know what the basis of the future redistribution of seats is to be. Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to lay on the table certain Bills giving a sketch, more or less perfect, of a scheme of redistribution. But these Bills are not to be discussed or defended by the Government. They are to be looked on merely as heads of a possible measure. But, in redistribution, details are everything, and details must be left open until the discussion on them begins. Obviously the Government will not bind itself to adhere rigidly to every provision in these Bills, or it might just as well try to carry them this Session. It will leave itself open

to make any changes that it may choose to call in keeping with the principles of the measure. The details, therefore, on which the whole character of the measure will depend must be left unsettled until next Session, and in the next Session Parliament must either accept such a manipulation of these details as would be likely to please a more democratic assembly, or it must expect to be dissolved.

Whether the separation of the two halves of Reform is impolitic or not is, in one sense, a matter not so much of argument as of Parliamentary calculation. It is defended on the ground that many members for small boroughs will vote for the second reading of a Franchise Bill who would not vote for the second reading of a Bill which not only reduced the franchise but rearranged seats. They will not know that any particular borough is to be disfranchised, and each man will hope that his own constituency is to be exceptionally favoured. Whatever other praises a Bill founded on this speculation on human weakness may deserve, it is odd that honesty should be the especial virtue its supporters attribute to it. But it is very possible that the speculation may be a sound one, and that the Government may secure a majority for the second reading by making Liberal members afraid and ashamed to separate from their party until it is quite certain that the boroughs they sit for are to suffer. But, on the other hand, the difficulties of the Government after the second reading will probably be much increased. The members who find themselves affected by the Bills for redistribution which Mr. GLADSTONE is to bring forward will think they have done their duty to their party, and may now begin to look out for themselves; and the discussion for which Mr. GLADSTONE allows so very small a number of nights will be sure to become vague, desultory, and diffuse when the provisions of the Bill are taken in what each speaker will consider to be the proper degree of connection with other measures not directly under discussion. But this is a very small part of the impolicy of the course taken by the Government. How members will vote is supremely important to Government whips, but not to the outside world. The real impolicy of dealing with Reform by halves lies in the want of regard to the consequences that can scarcely fail to flow from leaving it to a new Parliament to decide what the arrangement of electoral power shall be. Scarcely any way of providing for the disfranchisement of small boroughs could be so bad as first to increase the number of voters in those boroughs, and then to take away altogether the right in the borough to return a representative. The addition to the numbers of the smaller constituencies would be exceedingly limited, and Parliament could scarcely do anything more cynically immoral than to tempt forty or fifty poor men in each of these boroughs to take bribes and disgrace and debauch themselves in a variety of shocking ways, on the plea that the evil would not last long, and that, as the borough would not long continue to retain a member, no great harm could be done. But this is not all. It is taken for granted that a new Parliament would be much more ready to carry a redistribution of seats than this one would be. It is supposed that there would be no serious opposition in a reformed Parliament to any scheme of redistribution, however wide and unsparing it might be. This, however, is by no means certain. The small boroughs would plead that they had just been reinforced by a new accession of voters, and that the charges of corruption or readiness to yield to pressure must not be assumed against these new voters until it was proved. With so plausible a pretence for a new lease of life, the rotten boroughs would fight hard for existence, and the fight might be much more bitter and prolonged than any that would be provoked by a Bill dealing once for all with the whole question.

JAMAICA.

THE latest accounts from Jamaica contain one incident which throws a curious and instructive light on alleged negro grievances, and on the social condition and opinions of the coloured population; but the reports of the inquiry by the Royal Commission offer little that is interesting and nothing that is gratifying. As all reasonable persons anticipated, the outrages which were perpetrated under pretext of martial law have been reduced by investigation in number and atrocity. The spirit in which some of the military officers acted was accurately represented by their exaggerated statements of exploits which they supposed at the time to be laudable or pardonable. The levity of their early boasts is perfectly consistent with the readiness of their later recantations. Every item which is struck off from the list of quasi-judicial homicides

affords, in one sense, cause for satisfaction. It is now stated, on credible authority, that only three or four hundred persons were deliberately put to death in expiation of a lawless outbreak in which between twenty and thirty innocent lives were sacrificed; yet it must be remembered that some of the principal actors, and their colonial admirers, wished it to be thought that the vengeance of the Government had been still more indiscriminate and bloody. It will be the duty of the Commissioners to assign as accurately as possible to the chief civil and military functionaries their respective shares both in the proceedings which were conducted under their authority, and in the miscellaneous acts of violence which were perpetrated with impunity by regular and irregular troops. It seems to be true that a single black soldier put ten prisoners to death with his own hands, in the presence of the constables who were charged with their custody. There can be no doubt that either Mr. EYRE or General O'CONNOR would have punished the criminal, if the murders had been brought to their knowledge; but they ought to have known that martial law was popularly supposed to give power of life and death to every person with a musket in his hand who might consider himself to be in the service of the Government. Mr. EYRE, who was eager to claim credit for his personal activity in suppressing an imaginary rebellion, never thought of inquiring into the truth of rumours with which the whole island was ringing. Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK, an entirely impartial witness, arriving in Jamaica immediately after the disturbances, found that the number of negroes put to death was uniformly estimated at 1,500 or 2,000 victims. His information was derived from those who approved of the measures which had been adopted, and, in a petty capital such as Kingston, the naval officer commanding on the station probably mixed in the same society which was frequented by the GOVERNOR. There is nothing in the published despatches or in the proceedings of the Commission to show whether the GOVERNOR believed or disbelieved the reports which represented colonial opinion and belief.

If the bulk of crime committed against the negroes has been diminished, the quality of the solid residue has not been in the smallest degree attenuated. It is now certain that the Provost-Marshal RAMSAY, who was described by the reporter LAKE as "the right man in the right place," interrupted a flogging, commenced by his own order, for the purpose of hanging the prisoner. Another victim was shot by a soldier because the instrument of punishment broke in the middle of a flogging. A military surgeon and a local magistrate appear to have made themselves conspicuous by acts of exceptional cruelty. General O'CONNOR, who preserved comparative calm in the midst of panic and excitement, ordered Colonel NELSON, who was immediately in command of the troops, to "be careful about burning villages, and not to do so without it is clear that the inhabitants have joined the insurgents." The General has probably since discovered that there were no insurgents for the villagers to join, and that instructions issued in contemplation of a petty civil war were utterly inapplicable to unopposed marches and to retrospective punishments. In the only orders which were addressed from head-quarters to Colonel HOBBS, General O'CONNOR desired him to release innocent prisoners, always giving them the benefit of a doubt; "but, if guilty, and taken red-handed, summary justice and execution of the sentence." If the order of the Commander-in-Chief had been literally obeyed, his inferiors would have been spared a heavy burden of responsibility or of guilt. No prisoners were taken red-handed, nor was any resistance offered to the troops. General O'CONNOR cannot have anticipated that an officer of rank would make a target of a negro at a range of 400 yards, or that the sentence would be justified by vague allegations that the prisoner had been suspected of poisoning wells, and of eating human flesh. The Commander-in-Chief was apparently not cognizant of an atrocious letter addressed by the chief officer of his staff to Colonel HOBBS. On the 18th of October, Colonel ELKINGTON, the Deputy Adjutant-General, who transmitted the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, wrote to Colonel HOBBS in terms which can neither be excused nor explained away:—"HOLE is doing splendid service with his men about Manchioneal, and shooting every black man who cannot give an account of himself. NELSON, at Port Antonio, is hanging like fun by court-martial. I hope you will not send us any prisoners; civil law can do nothing. . . . Do punish the blackguards well." It is said that the letter was private, but it was enclosed in an official envelope, and the letters D. A. G. were appended to the signature. Military officers will judge whether a Deputy Adjutant-General habitually assumes his title in a private note. Colonel HOBBS alleges that he supposed that

Colonel ELKINGTON was conveying the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief, and to a civilian it seems that he was excusably misled. The instructions were equivalent to a direction to shoot every black man who could not give an account of himself, to "hang like fun by court-martial," and "to punish the blackguards well."

The newspaper reporters tell an amusing anecdote of a negro woman who informed the Commissioners of a long series of entirely fictitious murders. Her story was, however, not more baseless than the elaborate statements of a detected conspiracy and a suppressed rebellion which were forwarded by Governor EYRE to the Colonial Office. Ignorant negroes in different parts of the island heard and repeated vague rumours of some disaster which was to happen to the whites. The speeches of GORDON and other agitators at the UNDERWOOD meetings had produced a discontented and mutinous feeling; but it is clear that the Morant Bay outbreak was a sudden burst of uncivilized violence, and that the supposed plot consisted merely in the disaffection and personal animosities of BOGLE and a few of his followers. As it was impossible at the moment to judge of the extent of the rising, or of the deliberation with which it had been planned, an immediate display of military force and a vigorous prosecution of the rioters were justifiable and praiseworthy. It seems that eighty persons concerned in the disturbance have been lately brought before a Special Commission, and it may be inferred that Captain HOLE's unfortunate black men who were shot in default of a good account of themselves had not been ringleaders in the riot, and that probably they were not even present. Some officers regarded the proclamation of martial law as sufficient proof that a civil war existed, although it must have been invisible to themselves; and accordingly they avow that, in the proclaimed districts, they considered that they were acting in an enemy's country. The Austrian Government, which is supposed not to be unduly susceptible of constitutional scruples, lately proclaimed martial law in Prague, and in some other Bohemian towns, for the ostensible purpose of repressing outrages which had been perpetrated on the Jewish population. The officers in command would have been surprised to learn that a local disturbance converted the capital of Bohemia into an enemy's country.

The guilty connection of GORDON with the Morant Bay massacre has also been negatively disproved. No system of jurisprudence holds a man criminally liable for the remote and indirect consequence of indiscreet language. It has been clearly shown that GORDON was a mischievous demagogue, and it is probable that BOGLE and his followers may have expected the chief agitator to become their leader in insurrection; but neither before the court-martial, nor in the course of the recent inquiry, has a particle of evidence been produced to show that GORDON intended or foresaw the attack upon the Court House. Although Colonel NELSON and Governor EYRE formally approved of the sentence and of the extravagantly irregular proceedings on which it was based, it may be doubtful whether they believed in the truth of any charge against GORDON which could legally or morally have justified the execution. Brigadier NELSON records a conversation with the prisoner in which the official theory of his guilt is made perfectly intelligible. In answer to GORDON's professions of innocence, Colonel NELSON told him that "hourly communications incline me to think that your words caused the 'riot.'" Not questioning the accuracy of the conclusion, GORDON replied that he never intended it, to which the Brigadier said, "Perhaps not, but so it has been." To the military understanding, the guilty knowledge which is the essence of treason as of every other crime seemed not to be even a material issue in the case. The GOVERNOR is unable to furnish Mr. CARDWELL with any sufficient answer to the inquiry whether his approval of the sentence rested on GORDON's proved complicity with the outbreak, or on evidence of the lesser offence of seditious and inflammatory language. Both General O'CONNOR and Colonel NELSON held, in other cases, that acts committed before the proclamation of martial law were not within the competence of courts-martial. GORDON's speeches and letter were all of anterior date, but the inconsistency appears never to have been noticed. GORDON, as well as many of the negroes who suffered, were the victims of a puzzle-headed confusion which obliterated the distinctions between a riot and a conspiracy, and between political agitation and active resistance to the law.

M. MAZZINI'S LETTER.

IT is unfortunate that the zeal of the electors of Messina should have forced on the Italian Chamber the necessity of discussing and deciding upon the eligibility of M. MAZZINI to the place and dignity of deputy. M. MAZZINI has committed in his lifetime almost all the faults of which a sincere enthusiast can be guilty. Conspiracy is not necessarily a crime, yet it is one of the disadvantages of that discredited profession that it too often obliges a man to work in oblique ways and with strange tools. M. MAZZINI has been condemned by destiny to be a conspirator during the greater part of his life, and the affection and respect of his intimate friends have not preserved him from much undeserved odium and much just censure. He is now a man of advanced years. Whatever his faults, his life has been devoted to a cause which he believes to be identical with the progress of Italy, and no generous Italian can be anxious to do dishonour to the old age of an exile who was one of the first to raise the banner of a united Italy. Yet it is not easy to see how the Florence Chamber could have acted otherwise than it has done. The effect of an old Piedmontese outlawry on the validity of an electoral return from the former Kingdom of the Two Sicilies is a wearisome question, which must be left to, and which has been decided by, the rough justice of a Parliamentary tribunal. Apart from such minute discussions, it may be observed that M. MAZZINI's election was an overt act of defiance to the King of ITALY and to the Florence Chamber itself. What might be thought at Paris of the confirmation of such an election may have weighed with diplomatists or Ministers; but such considerations would not be recognised by a patriotic or independent Chamber, and the Italian Parliament may be taken to have come to its final decision on less unworthy grounds than the fear of displeasing a powerful patron. M. MAZZINI's letter, which has recently been published by the *Unità Italiana*, supplies plenty of moral reasons for an exclusion for which Italian lawyers may possibly have excoigated a technical justification. In this last manifesto M. MAZZINI once more declares his uncompromising disaffection to the Monarchy. He charges the King of ITALY with two grave offences. In the first place, his Government has bound itself in the September Convention to the recognition of the temporal power of the POPE. This, according to the ex-Triumvir of Rome, is treason to the cause of Italian unity. In the second place, the Monarchy is at present disorganizing the very army which, "at a sacrifice that ruins the finances," had been expressly organized for the purpose of freeing Venetia. M. MAZZINI's temper and antecedents have scarcely fitted him to do justice to any Monarchy, Italian or other, and in both his accusations he certainly does scanty justice to VICTOR EMMANUEL. The September Convention is not even understood by the French EMPEROR to commit Italy to more than an acknowledgment of the POPE as a *de facto* Sovereign of Rome, and to a collateral engagement to suspend all attack, direct or indirect, upon his temporal power. If it can ever be justifiable to wait passively and quietly for anything, without conspiring in secret or making war openly—a proposition which probably M. MAZZINI would deny—surely, under the circumstances, Italy is warranted in holding her hand about Rome, and trusting to the influence of time, and to the accidents of the future. War and conspiracy are means which can only be justified by the end towards which they are directed; and why patience may not, on a pinch, be excused, as well as conspiracy or war, it is difficult to see. As to the disorganization of the Italian army, a similar argument applies. Disorganization is too hard and violent a term to use about that temporary reduction of the military estimates which was in contemplation up to the time when hostilities began to seem imminent between Austria and Prussia. If Italy does not see her way to fighting for Venetia for a year or two more, the wisest thing she can do is to husband her resources, develop her internal strength, and not waste money on muskets and uniforms some years before she is going to use them. But, whatever the justice or injustice of M. MAZZINI's strictures, his practical conclusion is worth noting. He declines to swear fidelity to the Monarchy and the Constitution, on the ground that he cannot do so without being false to his former vow. The post of deputy, which he feels unable conscientiously to accept, may not improperly be denied him by the Chamber for the reason he himself alleges. If M. MAZZINI swears eternal enmity to the Constitution, it is too much to expect the Chamber to accept the oath as if it were an oath of friendship and allegiance.

The division which succeeded the debate furnishes a fresh proof how slight is M. MAZZINI's personal hold over the poli-

ticians of Italy. Many members of the Chamber voted in the minority who had no sympathy at all with his opinions; either from a generous wish not to trample upon a man who has sacrificed a good deal for his dominant idea, or else from a feeling that M. MAZZINI, if excluded from the representative body of the Kingdom, ought to be excluded directly, and not by a technical sidewind. That, after such deductions and allowances, a considerable majority should have persisted in considering the almost forgotten sentence of a Genoese law court fatal to the Messina return is a symptom of the wide divergence that subsists between M. MAZZINI and all but the extreme party of the Revolution. M. MAZZINI's letter, though only published this week in English journals, seems to have been anterior in date to the verdict of the Chamber which unseated him. The opposite points of view from which the Florence Legislature and M. MAZZINI start give additional significance to the unanimity with which both parties have arrived at the conclusion that he is better outside than inside an Italian Parliament. No one can have watched Italian affairs during the last few months without perceiving that the Left is creeping up into the condition of a very considerable and important party. The present Cabinet would enjoy, were it not for the sudden war-cloud that is overshadowing Europe, a very precarious tenure of power in presence of their ill-disguised hostility and disaffection. It comes, therefore, to this, that a weak Cabinet which could not carry a bad Budget can afford to slap M. MAZZINI in the face, and to force through the Chamber what amounts to a formal condemnation of his life and policy. The friends of M. MAZZINI had not expected perhaps that it would be otherwise. It has always been their complaint against the Piedmontese Monarchy that it was not only a bad thing in itself, but that it corrupted others. They object to the existing system of Parliamentary party government, which in their eyes is equivalent to—and in Italy often, it must be confessed, resembles—nothing more or less than a system of intrigue. For these and similar reasons some of the notable Mazzinists ostentatiously absent themselves from, or refuse to enter, the Parliamentary arena, and abuse, not merely the Monarchy, but the present Legislative body. One result of this attitude on their part has been to render M. MAZZINI's return to Italian political society impossible. The Government might pardon him, and allow him to come back to Italian soil, but the Florence Parliament would not accept him cheerfully or gratefully. Another and an equally important effect of it has been to split up the Italian Radical party into sections, and to emancipate all but the most violent of the Left from Mazzinian influence. The Left, after one or two more years of organization, may not improbably take the lead in the public affairs of the country. From all combinations that they may form, M. MAZZINI's conspicuous partisans must look to be absent, if violent language and attachment to abstract theories continue to characterize their public manifestoes whenever they deal with the topics of France or Venetia or Rome, or of property and monarchy themselves.

To the kind of invective which M. MAZZINI launches against all Italian Liberals who are more moderate and practical than himself we are by this time accustomed. Great revolutionists in Italy and elsewhere distribute such maledictions much as the Pope distributes his blessing, with an air of holy fervour and in the most unquestionable good faith. Far worse than abuses themselves, or than the open advocates of abuses—last in the lowest and most anathematized rank of political traitors—come those quiet people who are for removing abuses gingerly. The worst of all courses is, it seems, to be willing to take what you can get by way of instalment, and to wait for what you cannot get till another day. It does not occur to M. MAZZINI that Italian statesmen are as weary as he can be of the patronage of France, of the obstacles which the state of Europe interposes between Italy and her "national aspirations," and of the necessity for perpetual compromise and self-restraint when Rome and Venice are at stake. His voice, like the fallen Archangel's, is for open war. If the cause of liberty were always triumphant, if Heaven—unlike CATO and M. MAZZINI—were not so often on the side of the big battalions, such bold tactics would be as wise as they are certainly honest. But M. MAZZINI ought by this time to have learnt that unarmed justice cannot afford to be always offering battle to the bayonets of great empires; only that men never succeed in learning the lesson of their own lives. The opinion of most disinterested spectators is against him. The public opinion of Europe has spoken out pretty plainly, to warn Italy that, with the September Convention before her, Fabian tactics are the most advisable

course. The Roman ex-Triumvir replies that the September Convention itself is a delusion and a snare. It is possible that CAVOUR would have been strong enough and courageous enough to have refused to accede to it in the first instance. He might have said that he preferred waiting to compromising, and such was his just prestige that he might have persuaded his countrymen to be as daring and as patient as himself. Whether any Cabinet since his death has been in a condition to decline such an offer as that made two years ago by France may be doubted. However this may be, violence or precipitation on the part of Italy, either with regard to Venice or Rome, would now be a great error and calamity; and, without any disrespect to M. MAZZINI, it may be said that there never was a year when his absence from political life in Italy was less to be deplored than it is at present.

THE MINISTER ON THE STUMP

WE were rather too early in addressing our congratulations to Mr. GLADSTONE on his powers of Parliamentary self-restraint. The very day which introduced to our readers our premature felicitations also published that remarkable outbreak of temper and puerility with which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER closed the first page of the annals of his leadership of the House of Commons. You may expel human nature with all unnatural violence, says the old poet, but character will break out at last. Impelled by principle or policy, a man may take the temperance pledge, but, if he does run riot and return to his old courses, he does it in earnest. Those seven dull weeks of sullen and difficult self-repression were atoned for in one compensating shriek of bad taste and bad temper. The famous "flesh-and-blood" and fellow-Christian inarticulate burst convinced the House of Commons what dependence could be placed on the courtesy and judgment of its foremost man.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

The very phrase which has already acquired an ugly sort of immortality, the kind of adhesiveness which belongs to a nickname, was but a small echo of the old cant "Am I not a man and a brother?" But the deplorable indiscretion in the House of Commons into which Mr. GLADSTONE was betrayed by the poor provocation of Lord ROBERT MONTAGU has, like many other trifles, been productive of serious consequences—serious perhaps rather to the speaker than to any other or greater interest. It committed him. If these things can be said and done in the green tree, what about the dry? If this is the language for the unflappable senators, what becoming words are right for the touchwood susceptibilities of the ignorant? The consequence of the appeal for one's own flesh and blood and fellow-Christians—as though the franchise were a matter of animal physiology and the three creeds—was an appeal (in another sense) to the flesh and blood of the orator's hearers. To talk of flesh and blood savours strongly of animal passions and physical force. If a man has a right to the franchise by virtue of his flesh and blood, it must be his flesh and blood that must assert his right. Very likely Mr. GLADSTONE did not mean this; he only meant to scream, more or less articulately. He did not intend to threaten; he only meant to show that he was in a passion, and that he was tired to death of being courteous and stupid. So much the worse for the leader of the House of Commons. It is quite possible that his enemies were on the look-out for this, or something like this, though not perhaps something quite so bad. For it must be the policy of the Opposition to taunt and goad and irritate their high-spirited antagonist. In the economy of party there is always room for the playful stimulants of the *banderilleros* and *picadores*, especially if the noble *toro* affects stupidity. The way in which Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was received by the Opposition showed that somebody at least was satisfied.

Mr. GLADSTONE's stump visit to Liverpool is the logical result of his speech delivered on the eve of the Parliamentary recess. He could not but pander to the passions he had stimulated. There was absolutely no choice. It was as in the old *rationale* of possession. FAUST had sold himself, and was no longer a free agent. The compact with the master of his doom was made when from the Treasury Bench he first suggested, however vaguely, the necessity of agitation. And though we are by no means ready to acquiesce in the moral account which is given of possession, yet we recognise in modern men and things the old facts. Men were of old thought to be given over to the Evil One, only because there was no reasonable explanation to be given of their actions. Something of this sort seems to have happened to Mr. GLADSTONE.

There is no accounting for him. It may be inspiration, of course, as well as possession. Perhaps it is only because it suits our natural hardness of heart that we more readily assume in Mr. GLADSTONE's case the agency of the goblin damned than of the spirit of heaven. Mr. BRIGHT is more suggestive, it may be, in one direction than in the other. But, whatever the influence, we must postulate some influence. Mr. GLADSTONE on the stump is so utterly beyond one's conception, so out of keeping and harmony with all anticipation, so extravagantly and abnormally wild and strange, that we are driven at once to the incredible to account for the fact. And this whether we look to the man or to his office. For, of all professions, that of demagogue is about the last for a man to take up when the shades of life are beginning to settle upon him. With most of us, character somehow or other is pretty well consolidated by the time we are fifty. A fool at forty is a fool indeed; and to be great on the stump you must mount it before tastes, habits, associations, and principles are formed. Of course we speak of men such as men are, as Mr. GLADSTONE's old friend HOMER would say. We do not speak of the human paradox. There may have been instances in which youthful and mature saints have turned out septuagenarian sinners, and in which burning and shining lights have gone out with a twang not so melodious as that which accompanied the disappearance of AUBREY's ghost. But Mr. GLADSTONE is not old enough for the apology of imbecility. He knows what he is about in doing Mr. BRIGHT's behests. We believe that he is quite in earnest when he says that a tremendous moral wrong is inflicted, and that a righteous cry ascends to the highest heaven for justice from the gentlemen who, for instance, were to be seen about London streets in a certain stage of elevation, perhaps moral, perhaps corporeal, on Easter Monday towards twelve o'clock.

But what is alarming is that Mr. GLADSTONE is always in earnest, and that his earnestness is so very many-sided. As to his sincerity, it would be folly to question it. But then he is so kaleidoscopically sincere. He was quite sincere when he detected the doctrine of the Trinity in the Iliad; quite sincere when he saw in Church and State but two aspects of one eternal embodiment of truth; quite sincere when five years ago he stood up for pocket boroughs; quite sincere when he said that all men, being equal, have the same rights, that of voting included; quite sincere when he unsaid this; quite sincere when he deduced the necessity of passing the present Reform Bill from the identity of the blood globules of Jack and My Lord; and quite sincere when, at Liverpool, he reasserts his latest paradox while varying his figure, and concludes the necessity of Reform because the non-enfranchised have the same breathing apparatus as electors have. And he may be quite sincere if at the Amphitheatre he explains away his doctrine of the Philharmonic Hall. For no one can ever exactly tell, until the time comes, what Mr. GLADSTONE may or may not say. Before Thursday night's "Grand Banquet" came off it was all uncertain, and before last night's sports in the Amphitheatre were concluded his line was not to be predicted. But whether he goes to the North to lash his clients into fury, or to still the small tempest which has been got up, there can be but one opinion either as to the discretion or the decency of his move. It is at the best but a sorry reproduction of an American notion. Presidents elected by the stump take to the stump naturally. The stump does not suit Mr. GLADSTONE. In his way he is unapproachable; but his way is not the way of the greatest demagogues. CLEON was twice the man in his line that PERICLES was; and, as far as we remember, FOX left the stump business to WILKES. BRIGHT and ODGERS and POTTER, after all, tell most with the audiences which Mr. GLADSTONE is just now saluting. Even Miss EMMA HARDINGE, the "inspirational" speaker, would do it better. O'CONNELL always knew that just a trifling touch of the tongue in the cheek, and at least one sly wink, to show that he and his audience perfectly understood each other, was necessary to a triumph at the Rotundo. Mr. GLADSTONE must be longer at his new trade before he can snatch this new grace. At present his undoubted earnestness and sincerity are against him. There must be a spice of blarney and humbug in the most successful demagogue; and, to do him justice, Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet acquired the popular qualification of being insincere. He is, and always will be, too tremendously real to tell thoroughly with his own flesh and blood. One can hardly fancy Bishop ANDREWES preaching LATIMER's buffoonery. We are writing, of course, in ignorance of what deliverance it may have pleased Mr. GLADSTONE to make to his less select audience at the Amphitheatre. As both he and his great model, Mr. BRIGHT, affect to be as variable as the weather,

storm one day and sunshine another, it will not be surprising if Friday night's intemperance makes up for Thursday's continence. There are some people whom it is safest to estimate by contraries, and who, if they are dull at a grand banquet, may be safely reckoned to run amuck at a sober soirée. The Liverpool banquet seems to have been an extremely unimpassioned affair. It is the sort of thing which might come off on Easter Monday at the Mansion House, with a difference—the difference being a matter of taste to the students of post-prandial eloquence, whether they prefer the hard and reluctant oratory of Earl RUSSELL to the easy and unctuous flow and sesquipedalian sentences of his CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

THE FENIANS.

FOLLOWING the example of the Chartists of 1848, the Fenians, both in Ireland and America, have prudently failed to keep the appointment which they had made for St. Patrick's Day. The Canadian militia and volunteers represented the special constables of the 10th of April, and the peaceable and even loyal bearing of the colonial Irish has perhaps satisfied the noisy New York freebooters of the impracticable nature of their enterprise. The Democratic journalists who advertised and applauded the project of invasion console themselves by sneering at the credulity of the dupes who incurred expense and personal inconvenience to guard against an imaginary danger. The intelligent mass of Fenians are assured by their ringleaders that the military excitement in Canada was deliberately produced by the English Government for the mysterious purpose of providing Prince ALFRED with an American throne. It is as difficult to understand the feelings and motives of such followers and of such chiefs as to calculate on the policy of an African tribe or of the disciples of a New Zealand sorcerer. The intellect of a child with the strength of a man may, however, sometimes produce a formidable combination. The grandiloquence which is common to Irishmen and Americans provides a natural concealment to the designs of conspirators. Experience shows that it is unwise to believe in any statement of the *New York Herald* or the *New York World*; but it is scarcely safe to assume that a threatened outrage may not be perpetrated because it has been previously announced in bombastic language. It is possible that an inroad into Canada might have been attempted if the Colonial Government had not taken judicious measures to meet it; and the Federal detachments which were sent to the frontier interposed an additional obstacle to any open violation of the law of the United States. A piratical expedition could scarcely have attained even temporary success, for the Fenian adventurers had nothing to offer which could have tempted a peaceful and thriving population. There are few landlords in Canada to murder; and, in a country where every industrious settler can easily become a freeholder, there is no land available for confiscation. If Canada wished to become nominally as well as really independent, it would not invoke the aid of the low Irish rabble which is organized at the expense of the waiters and chambermaids of American hotels. The real danger of a Fenian attack would have consisted in the misunderstandings which might possibly have arisen with the Federal authorities on the frontier. The popular ill-will to England renders every international relation uncertain and hazardous.

There may be a difference of opinion as to the conduct of the American Government in relation to the Fenian conspiracy, but it is certain that the English Cabinet was well advised in abstaining from direct remonstrance or complaint. The manners and customs of American politicians are so peculiar that ordinary diplomatic traditions and forms are generally inapplicable at Washington. There was no doubt that a project for invading the territory of almost any other Power would have been publicly discountenanced by the PRESIDENT and his Ministers; yet the Fenian agents have been publicly and repeatedly admitted to official interviews, and one of their principal leaders was pardoned for political offences on the express ground of his connection with the plot against England. The Americans, however, are wiser in action than in speech, and long-descended habits of discourtesy are not readily discontinued. Their extraordinary taste was curiously illustrated by an oration lately delivered by General BANKS amidst the unbounded applause of the House of Representatives. The occasion was a motion for a grant of money for the American department of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and the vote was warmly supported by the speaker. As Chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Relations,

General BANKS occupies an official position, and it might have been supposed that an intended consignment of mangles and reaping-machines to Paris was an exclusively pacific proceeding. To the extreme delight of his audience, General BANKS took the opportunity of asserting that the Emperor of the FRENCH was hostile to the great Republic, and that it was proper to intimidate Europe by a seasonable display of the irresistible strength of America. For this purpose he proposed that the Government should exhibit the biggest guns and the biggest shells and the biggest ironclad ships, and especially that General GRANT and Admiral FARRAGUT should be despatched to frighten France and the world with their invincible features. Like Mr. BANCROFT, General BANKS was deficient in originality, though he executed some surprising variations on Senator POGAM's famous theme. When a man of great experience and of considerable ability is not ashamed of suchrodomontade, it is idle to expect that American diplomacy should be dignified and considerate in language.

There is no reason to attribute to the Federal Government any direct violation of international duty. In the United States, as in England, ample license is allowed to all persons and associations as long as they abstain from an actual breach of the law. Subscriptions in aid of Italian or Polish insurrections were always collected in London without impediment, and if philanthropic orators promised auxiliary expeditions, the Government had neither the power nor the wish to interfere. It is true that English soil was not likely to become a base for unauthorized military operations against Naples or Russia, while a civil war in Ireland or in Canada could only be organized on American territory. It is possible that the Federal Government may really disapprove of the Fenian conspiracy, and it is politic as well as courteous on the part of England to assume that a foreign State will observe the rules of international law. When Mr. GLADSTONE was asked, in the early part of the Session, for an explanation of the conduct of the Government, he was perhaps unnecessarily profuse of assurances of his confidence in American good faith; but, in substance, the determination to abstain from complaints and reproaches was perfectly judicious. It is not the business of English statesmen to know, in their official capacity, how imperceptibly Fenian malignity shades off into the feeling which expresses itself in the vituperative language of vulgar Americans. The feeling with which the Irish conspiracy is popularly regarded in the United States has been fully explained by several intelligent newspaper correspondents. While the English are disliked, the Irish are despised in their social character, and the Republicans resent the political power which the lowest class of the community exercises through its alliance with the Democratic party. Americans contemplate the Fenian preparations with the complacency of spectators who anticipate pleasurable sensations from any possible result. If the conspiracy collapses, the Irish rabble and their nominees in the Corporation of New York will be discredited and disappointed. A serious injury to England would be welcomed with stronger enthusiasm, and in the meantime it is an agreeable reflection that uncertainty and alarm effectually prevent the progress of Irish prosperity. If the American Government shares the opinions and wishes of the country in general, an ill-natured indifference is not inconsistent with an impartial enforcement of law.

The active or passive loyalty of the Irish Canadians is at the same time satisfactory and instructive. The insoluble difficulty of Irish disaffection appears to have partially disappeared under conditions not materially different from those which have produced American Fenianism. It is true that a Roman Catholic Irishman is equally free, on either side of the Canadian frontier, from all the civil and religious grievances of which he was accustomed to complain in his native country. The animosity of the American Irish to England has been cherished by the officious sympathy of demagogues who trade on their prejudices and their ignorance. A New York manager of elections denounces English tyranny because he thinks that his language will be acceptable to the docile immigrants who in turn eagerly accept the misrepresentations of their interested flatterers. The Irish settlers in Canada are, on the average, of a more intelligent class, and they are not exposed to similar temptations. In general, they become occupiers and owners of land, instead of crowding into the suburbs of the towns. If they interest themselves in the public affairs of their adopted country, they find that Canadian politics turn on questions of internal interest, and that, except on rare occasions, declamations against English tyranny would be utterly irrelevant and unpopular. In the factious

contests which occasionally occur between Orangemen and Roman Catholics in Upper Canada, the English Government is known to be absolutely and sincerely neutral. The Fenians of Montreal are probably few in number, and they belong exclusively to the humblest class. Treason is not fashionable in Canada, and it is certainly not more popular when it is imported from the neighbouring States.

If Ireland could be made equal in extent to a quarter of Canada, the cultivation there also of loyal and orderly feelings would not be altogether hopeless. When agitators at home and abroad justly attribute the misery of Ireland to the excessive demand for land, they for the most part tacitly assume that economic evils are caused by vicious legislation. But questions of tenant-right are idle where there is an unlimited abundance of land. As it is impossible, without a control of geologic forces, to make Ireland larger, the alternative of reducing the number of inhabitants by emigration is the only method of improving the condition of a population which chooses to be exclusively agricultural. England has escaped the difficulty by opening other sources of wealth in mining operations, in manufacturing industry, and in commerce. The superfluous population of the North of Ireland is drained into Belfast, but in the rest of the country it accumulates and stagnates, except when it discharges itself into the emigrant ship. In the meantime, Fenian conspirators provide congenial occupation, with an ulterior hope of superseding the present owners in the possession of the land. There is little reason to expect that any Act of Parliament will remove the disaffection which has become the established type of Irish suffering and uneasiness. If, however, the Fenian plot proves to have been entirely abortive, an interval of comparative tranquillity may tend to material improvement and may facilitate conciliatory legislation. It is possible that the conspirators may have missed their spring, and almost that they may have exhausted the liberality of their credulous subscribers. Yet the tranquillity which prevailed on St. Patrick's Day is not a conclusive proof that no danger is to be apprehended.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT BRIGHTON.

PERHAPS the highest testimony that could be paid to the Volunteers was that offered by the *Times* Correspondent at Brighton. In place of displaying the slightest anxiety as to the success of their great field-day, the judicious critic took it all for granted, and assumed that his readers would be equally free from doubt as to the thorough efficiency of the citizen troops. So, instead of detailing formations and charges and all the stirring events of the mock battle of Bevindean, the *Times* devoted exactly one paragraph of about ten lines to the subject of the day, and filled the remainder of six columns with the particulars of the triumphal arches erected on the Parade, and the upholstery and confectionery with which the worthy Mayor of Brighton gave suitable expression to the loyalty of his fellow townfolk. We are not merely joking in treating this as a compliment to the Volunteers; for the real truth is that they have, as a body, attained to a measure of proficiency which fairly entitles the public, like the courtier Correspondent of the *Times*, to take them for granted. No one now dreams of a Volunteer review proving a *fiasco*, or has any more uneasiness for the reputation of those engaged in it than if it were a parade of regular troops at Aldershot; and the event has always justified this confidence. This year the ground selected for the combat was the same as that on which the engagement of last year was fought. The character of the field to a great extent determined the tactics of the opposing generals, and in both cases, after the failure of direct attacks from successive points, the fortunes of the day were decided by a flank march on the left of the defending force, which placed them wholly at the mercy of their more numerous assailants. The vigorous skirmishing which preluded the attack, the rapid change of front necessitated by the discovery of an outflanking enemy, and the retreat harassed by repeated cavalry charges—met, of course, by effective volleys from battalion squares—were, on both occasions, the most interesting military features of the spectacle. In substance, the review of 1866 was just a good repetition of that of 1865, and though some of the more ardent troops may have desired a little more novelty, the earlier performance was quite good enough to bear an encore. In other respects, too, the muster of this year greatly resembled those to which Brighton has been long accustomed. The full complement of 20,000 was this year, as last, slightly exceeded; the precision of the railway arrangements

was very creditable; and we believe that some improvement has been effected in the discipline of the men at the only time when it has ever shown signs of failing—namely, when the day's work was finished, and the homeward march commenced. Looked at from without, the great annual exhibition of the Metropolitan section of the Volunteer army has been thoroughly satisfactory; and those who examined more closely the working of individual battalions could have found little to qualify the general result.

There was one, and only one, indication in the composition of the force of what, if neglected, may become an element of weakness. In the earlier days of Volunteering there were several distinguished corps which, by the strength which they displayed on all occasions no less than by the handiness of their movements and the finish of their drill, made themselves conspicuous above their fellows. It is much less easy now than it was to detect any such distinctions. To a great extent this is a subject for congratulation, as it is undoubtedly true that the average Volunteers of the country have been steadily improving up to a standard of efficiency which was at first attained only by a few regiments happy in their opportunities of drill. But the equalizing movement has, we fear, not been wholly caused by the progress of the general body. Among those which were always cited as the most brilliant, the most zealous, and the most resolute of all the Volunteer Force, there are some battalions which have been stationary in the midst of general improvement, others which have fallen short of their old reputation. The strength with which a corps musters for Brighton is not a bad test of the spirit which animates it. It is not a trifling matter for a body of several hundred men to put aside every call of business or pleasure, every excuse of doubtful health, every suggestion of indolence, and gather together, long before sunrise, from all parts of London for a hard day's work on the Brighton Downs. Still, year after year, the numbers who do this, even without the attraction of novelty in the expedition, rather increase than diminish, and any distinguished corps which shows slackness on such an occasion needs a warning that it is falling short of its old reputation, and must, sooner or later, lose its old efficiency. We believe we are correct in saying that some of the corps whose praises have been most widely sounded are precisely those which have shown the earliest tendency to slacken the efforts by which their credit was won, while those which were among the weakest have now come to the front. Conspicuous among the latter were the London Irish, who took down nine good companies, and mustered about as strong from their single battalion as the Queen's Westminster's (a corps of no small fame) did from two. The London Scottish did tolerably with five companies, out of a complement, we believe, of eight. The West Middlesex got only four companies together, and the Victorias too, who have a nominal establishment of eight companies, could only make a wing of a battalion with, we think, four weak companies. The Honourable Artillery Company had a tolerable muster, as they could scarcely fail to do, in honour of the Prince their Colonel; but the South Middlesex were weaker than Lord RANELAGH's corps ought to be; the Civil Service could not make up a battalion without the assistance of the Artists; and the Inns of Court were not at Brighton at all. For this last default we are aware that a plausible excuse is to be found in the fact that half the men were engaged on Circuit; but we are inclined to suspect that four or five years ago the other half would have been strong enough in themselves to make a respectable battalion. There may have been, and probably were, special reasons for the apparent slackness of some others among the celebrated corps which we have named, and it is possible that in some instances the reports of their strength have not been accurately given; but it is difficult to avoid generalizing a little on the broad character of the muster. Subject, no doubt, to many exceptions, the tendency seems to be for the corps which are wholly or chiefly recruited from the upper classes to diminish, while those which draw their supplies from the artisans of the towns and from the labouring rural population seem to grow stronger every day. If the last is a thoroughly cheering symptom, it will not diminish the regret that will be felt at the slightest sign of decadence in those corps that ought to be, as they certainly were at first, examples to the whole force. And we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that, while everywhere else each year adds to the vigour with which the spirit of Volunteering is kept up, it is among the picked corps—the gentlemen's corps—that the early enthusiasm shows signs of waning.

The returns recently published by the War Office de-

cidedly confirm the conclusions which the Brighton review has suggested. As a rule, the small country corps of a single company each make the large majority of their men efficient, and get nearly all of these through the musketry practice which entitles them to the extra capitation grant. In most of the large and distinguished battalions of London and its vicinity the rule seems to be the other way; the number of non-efficients exceeds the efficient roll, and the extra-efficients, as those who pass in musketry are termed, are but a small fraction of these. The London Scottish, for example, has but half its men efficient (that is, in the technical sense of having kept nine drills in the year), and little more than a fifth of them have passed as extra-efficients. The famous Victorias, almost the pioneer corps, are very much in the same condition. The Inns of Court only return 43 per cent. of efficient, of whom less than one-third have passed at the butts. The South Middlesex comes in both respects a shade lower in the list, and many other less striking examples might be found of a similar tendency. It is only fair to admit that part of the languor which these figures seem to suggest is only apparent, being due to the fact that names are often kept on the roll which represent men who from various circumstances are no longer able to take an active part in parades and reviews, although on an emergency they would be ready to turn out, and would soon recover their old efficiency. Another set-off, too, is found in the fact that a rich corps does not put on the same pressure to make up the tale of drills for the capitation grant which is essential to the existence of some rural companies. They are perhaps content to know that they have good soldiers in reserve, without caring to produce them on all occasions. Still, after every allowance, it must be owned that the artisan corps and the administrative battalions of county companies are, in the strength of their musters, in their success at the butts, and even in the smartness of their drill, rapidly gaining ground upon the larger and wealthier battalions of the metropolis. The recruits who are always to be had in the country are no longer plentiful in town, and without a steady supply of new blood it will be impossible for the most energetic of the old Volunteers to bear up against the inevitable loss of strength which every year must bring. Among the artisan class there is no difficulty in supplying the place of those whom circumstance, or age, or death may remove from the force. It would not be creditable to the younger men of a higher class, to whom the effort is incomparably lighter, if they should leave the movement to die out, so far as it depends on them, with those whose energy initiated it some five or six years since. That such a course would not be fatal to the Volunteer army is certain enough, for the alacrity of the country far more than makes up for any sluggishness in the town; but one of the greatest social benefits of Volunteering will be lost when we shall no longer be able to boast that men of every grade of wealth and rank are to be found side by side, shouldering the musket on the field, or contending in honourable rivalry at the butts. Come what will, the permanence and the progress of the Volunteer army are established as firmly as any institution can be, but much of its value would be gone if all but one class should disappear from the ranks. It is the function of the special corps of the metropolis to leaven the whole body, as they did in the outset of the movement; and unless the young men of to-day are wholly wanting in the enthusiasm of their immediate predecessors, they will scarcely grudge the effort of maintaining the efficiency of an organization which they find created to their hands. Few gentlemen, we believe, who have time, youth, and health at their disposal, will grudge a slight patriotic effort which hundreds of thousands of poor and toiling men are sustaining with constantly increasing vigour and enthusiasm. In spite of Yankee criticism, the upper classes of England are not yet so effete as to leave their volunteering to be done for them by their humbler but sturdier brethren.

TRADES' UNIONS.

THE power of Trades' Unions is so effectively and ostentatiously displayed that it is natural to watch with interest and anxiety the progress of an organization which, however, bears but indirectly on practical questions of politics. In former times capitalists were more than a match for artisans, because each employer had, in every contest, the advantage of his own unity of purpose and action. But, as the antagonism assumed larger dimensions, the relative forces were reversed, inasmuch as the masters were less able to combine than the workmen. As the stones which are broken smallest form the

firmest and smoothest road, the lower and simpler elements of society consolidate themselves into uniform masses with a facility which is in proportion to their similarity of character and circumstances. Conscious individual weakness suggests the importance of acquiring corporate power, and the necessarily gregarious habits of working men render the public opinion of their own section almost irresistible. Almost all the favourite doctrines of Trades' Unions are inconsistent with sound political economy, but hitherto the wealth and enterprise of England have not been seriously affected by attempts to make production subordinate to arbitrary theories of distribution. In a poorer and more sluggish country, where the art of hostile combination had already been cultivated with extraordinary energy, the spirit of operative monopoly has repeatedly frustrated efforts to develop the resources of Ireland. Capitalists have found that, as soon as there is a prospect of opening a new source of wealth, Irish workmen insist on terms which render enterprise irksome and profit impossible. It is the most characteristic tendency of that ingenious people to kill their goose as soon as they discover that it is likely to lay golden eggs. The breed in England possesses more vitality, but some branches of industry have already declined or disappeared through the loss and annoyance which are inflicted on manufacturers by the unreasonable exigency of their workmen. It is not satisfactory to hear of contracts for small arms being sent to Liège, or of the importation of locomotive engines from France. In the old days of Protection, the manufacturer might perhaps have raised his prices so as to throw on the consumer the burden of arbitrarily increased wages. Under a system of Free-trade, the artificial protection of labour injures the employer first, and the workmen will justly suffer in their turn.

The artificers who provide for domestic consumption are less likely to drive custom away than those who provide materials for foreign commerce. Butchers and bakers, and, in a less degree, tailors and shoemakers, enjoy a kind of natural monopoly. Englishmen cannot, in ordinary cases, conveniently go to Paris to be measured for their coats or their boots. Mr. POOLE's journeymen, accordingly, may consider that they and their class have a constant fund to divide, and that they may safely contest the claim of their employer to that share of the booty which has customarily been awarded to the commander-in-chief. The law of prize is as little settled in Savile Row as at the Horse Guards, and, if the workmen prove the stronger, their contention may not improbably be successful. The dispute may perhaps be compromised at the expense of the consumer, for tradesmen will expect to be remunerated, not only for their skill and their capital, but also for the incessant annoyance to which they are ever subjected by their journeymen. Few Londoners can have failed to hear, from their tailors and their shoemakers, of the vexations which make their business disagreeable even when it is on the whole profitable. A partial strike is almost always either impending or in progress, and for months together the town is *blocked*, or, in other words, strangers from the country and from abroad are more or less effectually excluded from competition. The virtues of the ideal workman are nowhere less appreciated than in the shops of St. James's. The letters which have lately been addressed to the newspapers by the representatives of Mr. POOLE's workmen sufficiently prove the existence of an operative despotism which is not readily distinguishable from tyranny; and if it is true that working tailors on the Continent will unanimously obey the prohibition of the London Union, the organization of the working classes is the strongest of social combinations. It is of course possible that in this particular dispute the seceders may have justice on their side. No prudent layman will venture to judge of the merits of a tailor's log, nor are Mr. POOLE's statements of the large earnings of his men absolutely conclusive. If a journeyman tailor could, by fair means, force his employer to pay him a thousand a year, there is no reason why he should be contented with fifty shillings a-week. Society, however, is wronged when any section forms itself into a body of conspirators, for the purpose of obtaining exclusive advantages. The test by which legitimate union can be distinguished from oppressive combination is to be found in the maintenance or suppression of personal freedom. The majority of artisans perhaps pay voluntary obedience to the governing bodies of their respective Unions; but there must always be a large body of dissidents, who are virtually forced to concur in measures which are opposed to their interests and opinions. The most furious champion of the rights of labour would admit that in some cases an unjust demand may be backed by

a strike. Only children believe in the uniformly beneficent exercise of absolute and irresponsible power. When the working tailors have ruined their masters, clothes will become dearer, and new suits will be more rarely worn. Any gentleman of a frugal disposition would hear with unmixed gratification that it was his duty to society to wear all his old coats threadbare, before he encouraged a grasping operative combination by giving a fresh order. The longevity of boots is not equally elastic, but in this department of trade also economy would be largely practised, if it became fashionable as a patriotic protest against dictation.

The only legislative question which could be raised by the proceedings of Trades' Unions was decided many years ago in accordance with justice and common sense. As it is settled that freedom of combination shall be tolerated, the consequences of liberty must be accepted even when they are inconvenient and unpalatable. It is the business of moralists and theoretical economists to convince working-men, if possible, that many of their rules are unfair, and that some of their projects are suicidal; but no Act of Parliament could force Mr. POOLE's journeymen to adopt his list of prices, even if the rate of payment were doubled. It is, indeed, not in strikes for wages that the mischief arising from Trades' Unions principally consists. The by-laws which in some trades impair the efficiency of labour are injurious to all parties, and the prevailing tendency to deprive skilful and industrious workmen of their proper superiority is one of the worst and most universal faults of a perfect democracy. Privilege is most obnoxious when it is conferred in the form of a disability imposed on a neighbour; yet as long as able workmen are unwilling or afraid to assert their own independence, they can receive no external support. It is as difficult to interfere with the internal despotism of a Trades' Union as to protect a monk or a nun from the severities of a religious order. Intimidation of outsiders is a proper subject for legal restraint, but skilful managers of strikes seldom bring themselves within the range of the law.

The power and activity of trade combinations naturally suggest feelings of alarm at the probable admission of large numbers of working-men into the Parliamentary constituency. If the leaders of the Unions could return a majority of the House of Commons, they would almost certainly demand legislation in conformity with their favourite theories. A clever artisan cannot fail to see the connection between protective duties and arbitrary contrivances for the increase of wages; and if he is taunted with the cupidity which has transferred any manufacture to Belgium or to Germany, he will reply that foreign goods ought to be handicapped so as to secure advantageous terms of competition. The operatives who elect the Assembly of Victoria have induced their representatives to commence a kind of political revolution for the purpose of forcing a protective tariff on the wealthy and educated classes. In several of the Northern States of America Bills are now pending for the reduction of the term of daily labour to eight hours and a half, and where the influence of the town population predominates the measures will probably become law. It is not, however, a sufficient objection to the enfranchisement of any class that it will probably attempt to embody its own prejudices and errors in legislation. Almost any vigorous organization is safer within the Constitution than without; and the power of the working-classes ought, if possible, to be assimilated, as the authority of the great nobles, the influence of the gentry, and the energy of the middle-classes have been successfully incorporated into the ruling body. Every strike, however, furnishes additional arguments against the concession to the working-classes of a preponderating share in the election of the Legislature and of the Government. The dangerous force of numbers would be multiplied by the habit of combination, and the supremacy of the majority of the population would be the destruction of English freedom.

HOMICIDAL HEROINES.

THE authors and authoresses of the day are going in for crimes of every description, from murder downwards, in a manner that is most startling, and Mr. Mudie's lending library will soon become a sort of Newgate Calendar. What with lovely murderers, and accomplished bigamists, and spies, and forgers, and here and there an occasional attorney who is on their trail, works of romance seem in a fair way to be very lively reading before long. The effect produced on sensible and unimaginative people ought to be to render them suspicious of their nearest acquaintances. The young lady who is kind enough to teach one's daughters French and music looks and talks like an ordinary being; but it is very likely, if we only knew all, that she has

got a murderess in manuscript in her bedroom, at the elaboration of whose career she is working all her spare hours, and through the vivid delineation of whose amatory and homicidal performances she hopes herself to attain to literary fame. It is difficult to believe how anybody who is to all outward appearance so harmless, and who takes her meals with such regularity, can be engaged in the manufacture of all the frightful sentiments and harrowing plots to the production of which she retires, for anything we can tell, when the music-lessons and the French are over for the day. If the authoress was in the habit of depicting criminals in tragedy costume, with cloaks over their shoulders and daggers peeping from underneath, haunting some lonely wayside inn or galloping across country on the back of some spirited horse, one would not be so much surprised. Such would seem the natural accessories of horror in which feminine fancy dresses great culprits. But this is not at all the conventional thing. Romantic writers have far too much *savoir vivre* to make their murderers or murderesses do anything so outlandish or absurd. That was the fault of taste committed by writers of an older date who did not know the world, and were always thinking that criminals went about with a dagger or a bowl. Experience of life teaches the fair novelist, as well as her masculine rivals, that if one wishes to find crime, one has not got to go to the wayside inns, or to watch for shadows alongside garden walls, or to listen for a stealthy footstep on the staircase when the clock is striking midnight; nor can she expect to catch her criminal hero or heroine in modern times performing in this violent and affected style. The murderess of romance nowadays wears Balmoral boots, and goes religiously to kettle-drums. Her beauty is the most dazzling of all the beauty in the ball-room; her step the lightest, and her smile the sweetest, in the waltz. She loves and is beloved, and the husband who in the first volume leads to the altar the fair innocent creature of nineteen will discover years after, and in the third volume, that before he married her she had already had, and possibly put an end to, a husband or so in private, forged perhaps a casual will, and led the county police a dance for a whole week. The mixture of crime and crinoline gives a reality to the story that is enough to take away the breath of any quiet middle-aged gentleman who takes up such great works of fiction. He knows, from imaginative people like Shakspeare and others, how poison is supposed to be administered in high fictitious life; that some prince catches another prince sleeping in a bower, and pours it in his ear, or that some beautiful Lucretia, after a festal banquet, hands a jewelled goblet containing it to a faithless lover. On the Turf, and among the lower classes, he is aware indeed that the operation is performed in a less theatrical way; but as he is neither a prince, nor a faithless lover, nor a Dove, nor a Palmer, he concludes that he is tolerably safe and at some distance from all such stirring incidents. But when he peruses the latest novel from the circulating library he is recalled to a sense of his insecure position. Bowers and poisoned goblets are all moonshine and nonsense. The thing is done every day much more simply, and with less ostentation, at a picnic. Blanche finished off Augustus when she handed him the cold pigeon pie with a joke about his appetite, and a hope that he would tell her if he felt inclined for more. When Marian stayed behind ostensibly to gather a wild rose in the hedge, she was in reality delayed for a minute or so in the occupation of stabbing Reginald and burying his body in a ditch. When she skips up, rose in hand, a quarter of an hour later, her laugh is just as genial as ever, and she will distribute five o'clock tea to her friends the same afternoon without a cloud on her sweet sunny brow. Such is the teaching of the novel of the age. A quiet man thinks all this very terrible, and opines that the book must have been written by a she fiend. Nothing of the kind. It has been written by the wife of the curate in an adjoining parish, or by a clever governess, or an amiable blue-stocking, whose time hangs heavy on her hands, and who composes this sort of thing when she is tired of composing hymns. It would indeed be unjust to represent the literary performances of this kind as coming from feminine pens only. Male writers turn out lovely murderesses also, but not so well got up, or so piquante or so dashing, and they cannot, at best, help making their heroine look a little ghastly in spite of all effort. The homicidal heroine of *Armada*—with respect to Mr. Wilkie Collins be it spoken—is not so fresh or so virginal or so natural as, let us say, Miss Bradon would have made her. *Dux femina facti*. Authoresses have led off in this line of late years, and any attempt on the part of authors to cope with or to imitate them is visited with the failure it deserves. The picnic and poison school is a feminine school of art, though masculine proselytes are admitted. This makes it all the more bewildering, as we have said, to ordinary observers. Assuming that incidents of this kind are not the more real or common because they are so commonly described, what are we to think of the imagination that loves to brood on them? In what strange grooves has feminine genius begun to travel?

The three-volume homicidal heroine may or may not have been, in the beginning, an attempt to introduce into the educated market an article which has been found productive of much emolument in a lower walk of literature, by the *London Journal* and other periodicals of the sort. If so, the adventure has been justified by success. If Belgravia and Mayfair did not tolerate tales of murder and of moonshine, the lending libraries would cease to patronize them; and the homicidal heroine, after walking the literary market in vain, would be compelled to fall back into her accustomed columns in the penny weeklies. As long as she

fetches a price in higher circles, she will continue to be produced with a rapidity and facility that is in itself a mark of some cleverness. Looking at the phenomenon from the economical point of view, its occurrence is capable therefore of explanation. As it is in other things, so it is in three-volume novels. The supply keeps pace with the sale, and if the table-talk of Asmodeus would sell, whole editions of it would be written, printed, and published without any serious difficulty. But there are doubtless other causes that account for the manufacture of homicidal heroines. A romance must have something to hang itself upon. It may turn on the delineation, whether humorous or sentimental, of the shades of human life and character, or it may depend on the delineation of passion, or, lastly, it may be strong in incident of a sensational kind; but it must be one of the three, or it is no romance at all. The gift of knowledge of the shades of life and character is not an ordinary one. It presupposes in the fortunate possessor either a keen observation of men and manners, coupled with some experience of both, or else, in some singular and exceptional cases, a rich and sensitive imagination which makes up for want of experience of life by drawing on its own admirable resources. A real artist who labours at this class of creations does not necessarily attempt a universal portrait of mankind. If wise, he bounds his ambition by his powers or his experience, and confines himself to what he has studied, or seen or felt himself. Within narrow limits, therefore, women are often really successful in this line. They cannot photograph the wide world; for one-hundredth part of its follies or vices or pursuits, unless they are unusually unlucky, they never can have observed. But give a first-rate authoress her own village or her own fireside, which she has seen, and she will produce upon them an admirable and occasionally a humorous work. The creators of homicidal heroines are debarred from this field of operation for the simple reason that they have, as a rule, neither delicacy of perception nor humour. The homicidal heroine never comes to us in the shape of the heroine of a character novel, and no ray of humour ever penetrates into the pages that are devoted to the chronicling of her exploits. She would find herself more in place in a romance which turned upon human passion. Passion stands nearer to crime than humour or sentiment does, and Medea or Clytemnestra or Lady Macbeth would serve as heroines either in a passionate or a purely sensational piece. But the authoress who deals in homicidal heroines is met here again by the old difficulty. To draw any passion in a refined way requires refinement. It is no use dressing up lust or vanity or revenge in crinoline, or in uniform, and calling it a human being. To be a successful picture, the lust or the vanity, or whatever in short is the passion to be portrayed, ought to be superinduced upon a real substratum of human character—not to be made, in a naked sort of way, to stand as the whole of the character itself. Othello is not jealousy, nor is Ophelia love. The former is a man overwhelmed with jealousy, and the latter is a woman, if not a lady, underneath all her affection. To make a good passionate romance, one ought accordingly to be able to construct a man or a woman, after doing which one may put the passion on. The homicidal-heroine school have not shown that they can draw a man or a woman, and no attempts at giving with fidelity the shrieks or the extravagant gestures of passion would ever make up for the deficiency. They are thrown back, accordingly, on the last remaining resource—that of supplying in incident what is wanting in sentiment, humour, and passion. And when they are thus driven to incident, and incident alone, they ought not perhaps to be severely blamed for liking to have their incident of a good downright startling kind. As the firing is to consist entirely of blank cartridge, they prudently put plenty of powder in, or else there would be no bang.

The least examination of the sensational romances which we are discussing will show even a superficial critic that they are devoid of the qualities that are to be found in better works. It is not merely that they are sensational. They are without humour and unfinished as sketches of character and life. It is to a certain extent providential that it should be so. Heaven, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, also fits the workman for his task. Homicidal heroines could not be turned out by humorous writers. Such writers would be shocked at the extravagance of their own conceptions, and common sense and humour would tone the heroine down till she was hardly homicidal, or at all events hardly sensational at all. Becky Sharp, in *Vanity Fair*, is an instance in point. Mr. Thackeray's humour enabled him to put her into a novel without making the novel ridiculous or sensational. Take away Mr. Thackeray's humour and knowledge of character, and Becky Sharp would soon approximate to the Aurora Floyds or the Miss Givlits of the day. As it is, she is as unlike them as a human being is unlike a ghoul. A strong proof of the inferiority of the modern article is afforded by the blunders in matters of detail into which the homicidal-heroine-maker almost invariably falls. Having to do with murderers and murderesses, he has naturally something to say to the police and to the law. Now it so happens that the procedure of a criminal court of justice is by no means complicated. A very little trouble and attention would be enough to familiarize anybody with it. Yet the homicidal-heroine-maker never seems able to take this simple trouble, such as it is. His judges and his counsel and his attorneys are as little like the real thing as his murderers and murderesses are like the murderers and murderesses that figure in the dock. Balzac would have been twenty times as careful over details that played a far less striking part in his story. The accuracy of Balzac in minutiae is often overrated, but, taken at its lowest, it is wonderful enough,

considering the range of subjects which he has handled. The result is that the homicidal heroine cannot even succeed in being brought to justice with decent regularity. Deprive her of this last accessory, and, as she is not set off humorously or characteristically, or even as real criminals are set off, with proper legal formalities, what is she, and what is the novel that tells us about her, at the best? It has certainly a plot, and often an ingenious one. But for this, it would be a simple waxwork show. Two kinds of amusement are, however, to be derived from it—first, the amusement deducible from a clever conundrum or charade; and, secondly, the amusement that can be had for a shilling at Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. If Madame Tussaud could contrive a series of waxwork figures which would begin by looking like virtuous and lovely waxworks and end by turning into wax murderers, she would have accomplished in wax all that homicidal-heroine-makers accomplish ordinarily upon paper. As a matter of taste, we prefer the waxworks to the murderers with Balmoral boots and devilish eyes that stare at the public out of so many works of fiction. They are quite as natural, and they do not degrade literature. Nor are they laughable, although they may be monstrous; which cannot be said of all the crime and crinoline to which we are daily introduced with extraordinary gravity, and even comical solemnity, by some writers of the present generation.

THINGS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE.

THE question how far what we have done, or are doing, or what comes before us to do, is "worth while," sounds so reasonable and philosophical that one is apt to think those ought to be the wisest persons who ask it oftenest, and act solely by the conclusions arrived at. Yet there is something in it that does not suit human nature, as, on closely inquiring, we observe that it is uniformly answered in one way; and, in fact, it is the one moral hindrance to all exertion, hampering not only questionable activity, but all activity whatever. In the first place, it is a question which is apt to obtrude itself at the moment for action. The letter-box closes, the train leaves, the opportunity passes, the occasion is lost, while one is still deliberating. If a man won't do anything till he can prove to his own satisfaction that it is indisputably worth while, he will not only not do that particular thing, but he will do nothing with a will; doubt clogs even the most inevitable habitual action, and all the mind's ingenuity is expended in reducing necessary exertion to a minimum. When once this humour takes hold of a man's mind, the question comes to be attractive for its own sake; it is speculation in a negative form—a calculation of chances in which risk has its charm. If it is ten to one, or even five to one, against the smallest effort being essential, he spares himself the trouble, not without a relish for the suspense which ensues till the issue is known. Many people give themselves extra and superfluous trouble in making assurance doubly sure; but this man, on the contrary, rather than waste labour and action of any kind in so prodigal a fashion, though it be but the exertion of asking his way, is resigned to an occasional disaster. If only justified by his calculation of chances, if he can prove a balance of probabilities on his side, he does not flinch from the consequences of his system; it was not worth while to act on a remote contingency.

In the case we are here supposing, a natural turn of mind is developed by practice into a defensive principle of inaction; passive inertia backs itself against the bustling precaution with which some men hedge themselves against mischance in the business of life. But this inquiry has a morbid attraction for minds of a very different order. Persons who are busy and energetic enough in their own line are often much too ready with it when things new and unaccustomed are proposed to them. Where the question thus systematically suggests itself, whether to man or boy, he is fixing himself in a groove and quenching the spirit of adventure. In youth, at any rate, there should be that briskness and power of enjoyment which thinks effort to attain it worth while. Not that the question in itself can ever be other than reasonable; but there are occasions when it is not well that it should too readily suggest itself—when the natural love of novelty and experiment should be suffered to play unchecked, when it is better to try and lose than never to try at all, better to make a rush, and encounter difficulty and disappointment, than ever to stand counting chances and balancing pros and cons. That extreme fear of failure, that dread of taking trouble in vain, which may be observed in some young people extending to the merest trifles, is fatal to expansion. A healthy growing mind ought to expect great things from the unknown. All pleasure and all attainment in a new field are indissolubly connected with some form of trial and experiment. "Nothing venture, nothing have."

But, however we may deprecate premature wisdom on this point as moral cowardice, the young philosopher might, if he only knew, retort upon his elder, who, having ventured in youth and perhaps succeeded in his venture, asks himself, in the end, Was it, after all, worth while? There is so much trouble in all work, so much sweat of brow and brain, that the result of success is apt to look little better than slavery. It was an eminently successful poet who exclaimed—

The unhappy man who once has trailed a pen
Lives not to please himself but other men.

Self-satisfaction fails the most sanguine at times. And how constantly must this occur where a faint or partial success is the

fruit of long labours, as in the case of those amateur artists in different fields who have let slip the easy natural advantages that came to them for the weariness of driving an unready pen. Everybody is born into a place, which he can nurse into something if he sticks by it; was it worth while to desert it for the small rewards and considerations that have come to his share? He may ask the question, though he is perhaps the last man to come at a right answer. The picture we are apt to make to ourselves of what we might have been is of all self-portraits the most flattering and deceptive.

To think things worth while is not only a sign, but a great promoter, of cheerfulness, and, as opposed to giving in, is almost always wise. A Frenchwoman, however plain, thinks it worth while to consult the becoming; and the contrast between downright ugliness studied, alleviated, and made fresh and trim, and the same ugliness abandoned to its fate—as we have the opportunity not seldom of seeing it—is often more effective, as conveying a moral triumph, than that between mere prettiness and its opposite. It is a standing, walking moral—a lesson that things are never so bad but that it is worth while to make the best of them. People's habits in this respect very much depend on the view they take of the present. Now, in one sense, it is quite right to postpone the present to the future, but yet it is one of the commonest of all mistakes to defer the claims of the present to a future. This is what misers do, and people who wait for dead men's shoes; as well as discontented persons and dreamers generally. People of alert spirits, whatever their views, think more things worth while than their neighbours. Thus the preacher discourses to his congregation on the transitoriness of life, describes it movingly as a pilgrimage, and proves how little it signifies how we may be entertained by the way; but if he is of a brisk, stirring temperament, we shall find him planning a thousand things for daily comfort and convenience which his hearers who are behind him in the theory of the pilgrim life do not think worth while. Perhaps, though occupying themselves but little with the shortness of life as a whole, their turn of mind is that very uncomfortable one which regards the particular stage through which they are now passing as too short, incomplete, and therefore unimportant, to bestow pains and interest upon. The waiter upon change will put off action till the change comes. Where is the good of reforms, renovations, and fresheners when the time may be so short? We prefer, as a rule, the energetic preacher of this world's vanity, who, though life is short, or because it is short, gives its minutes their due, and encumbers his heirs with no dilapidations. Not but what this may be overdone; for, of course, there is a strong disposition in busy minds to think things worth while that are not. There are undoubtedly seasons and spaces when it is wise to wait—when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking great or small. There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and half-hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have all our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time, or out of doors, or to set oneself to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtues with the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed to knit stockings in the dark, or re-thread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are a vast number of small industries that are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith in the achievements done in odd minutes. We believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labour—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company. Nothing ministers so much to impatience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man who knows how to use time has the sense to recognise when time is not worth using in any definite, ostensible way. Haydon tells us that Sir Walter Scott, going to see a picture of his on view, arrived before the door was open, but, hearing that the man would not be long, quietly sat down and waited, and thus was found by the delighted artist, who records it as a beautiful trait of this great genius. It was, in fact, not worth while to fill up the short interim; but how few men up in town for a day or two could have kept themselves thus reasonably serene!

We all have our opinions, but in truth no one can judge for another what is worth while. If a man has any one commanding talent, nothing is worth his while that distracts him from it, though it may carry the air of a respectable occupation. Wordsworth did not think it worth his while to read any authors but those who have clothed in words the grand catholic feelings that belong to the grand catholic situations of life, and clothed them in such words that human wit must despair of bettering them; yet it is well worth other people's while to read books of a lower range and of quite another order. People of genius constantly misjudge in this way. They are right in the abstract—right as far as they themselves are concerned, but not right for those they would legislate for. Thus it is very true that the passion for grottos a hundred years ago was absurd. We may wonder at Pope's spending money, time, and ingenuity, on a gloomy hole; but it might still be worth the while of the clever ladies and fine duchesses who threw their soul and fancy into this singular mania; the purposes for which

they pursued it were answered. A man of commanding intellect decides for his daughter that it is not worth while to teach her music, for her ear is not perfect; or drawing, for her eye is not exact; or needlework, for that can be paid for; or housekeeping, for that servants can do; or to let her play croquet, for that is waste of time; or read novels, for they are frivolous. In his own case the argument may be perfect, and so it would be in hers if she inherited his mind; but in fact it may be worth her while to do them all. For our part, we hesitate to pronounce against any mania except in the abstract. Bazaars may be worth the while of the people who frequent them and get them up. So may cork models, Berlin wool, and collecting old postage stamps; it all depends upon what people have the opportunities and the native power to do. Certainly protests in such matters are not worth the while of any but original thinkers.

In the discussion of any question of this sort the end must of course be taken for granted. If a man goes twenty times to a ball and enjoys himself intensely when there, we own it to be worth while without entering into the reasonableness or ethics of dancing. If the people who stood the livelong day at the pit door to see Mrs. Siddons act cried to their hearts' content over the tragedy when it came, we must admit that, from their point of view, it was worth while, without deciding on the uses of the drama. In fact, the "worth while" ought not to enter into the sphere of morals. We do not discuss the argument that "it is never worth while to do a shabby thing," or that "it is always worth while to be civil," for these points should be settled on less selfish grounds. Still the mere speculation is a stretch of thought beyond the practice of many people, who, as they plan nothing beforehand, meditate on nothing that is past. The question is one that must be asked sometimes if we would go right in matters of pleasure, taste, and interest, and get a knowledge of our real preferences; and a judicious habit of asking it may well train the mind to decide wisely on points infinitely more important.

MR. CARLYLE AT EDINBURGH.

IT was fortunate, perhaps, for Mr. Carlyle that, in his address to the Edinburgh students, he was shut out by the nature of the occasion from all direct reference to contemporary politics. His favourite doctrines have of late years enjoyed the somewhat questionable advantage of being submitted to the test of experiment, and Europe supplies us at this very moment with a most apposite example of that contrast between speech and action which is the favourite commonplace of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy. All the characteristic evils of that "vocal education" which he deprecated on Monday were rampant in the French Chambers under the Monarchy of July and the Republic of 1848. Never was the art of speaking better understood, and rarely has it been turned to smaller practical purpose. The French nation certainly "went away into wind and tongue" after a fashion quite as "tragical" as that of the English and American nations now. But they were more fortunate than either of the latter have yet been in that they found an instructor singularly competent to teach them that "silence is the eternal duty of man." For the last fourteen years the highest authorities in the country have devoted themselves to impressing this truth on the French mind, and the lesson has no doubt derived additional value in Mr. Carlyle's eyes from the character of the principal teacher. Few men have answered more exactly than the Emperor Napoleon to Machiavelli's description of a dictator:—"A man who had the power of life and death over everything, who degraded men out of their places, ordered them for execution, and did whatsoever seemed to him good in the name of God above him." His character and policy are sketched, too, with curious accuracy in the words which Mr. Carlyle puts into the mouth of Phocion with reference to Philip of Macedon:—"He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; he can bribe anybody you like; he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim towards his object." The Emperor of the French is certainly all that is here praised. He has shown himself fully able to stand the solitary test by which Mr. Carlyle tries his kings. He is the capable man, the man who *can* rule, and who has consequently the best right to rule. Why then does the philosopher make no mention of the disciple who has taken so much pains to carry out the theory of simple forces in politics? Possibly Mr. Carlyle does not see much to admire in the present moral and intellectual condition of the French people. He finds, perhaps, in their lives some traces of a passion for money-getting, and in their books a very observable division "into sheep and goats," together with an extraordinary numerical predominance on the side of the latter. French society, if we may judge by the acts of its own members and the comments of its native critics, is absolutely devoted either to the accumulation of material wealth or to the pursuit of material pleasures, and the most obvious cause to which to attribute this alternative degradation is the continued repression of the higher intellectual life in the community. The policy of the Government is to starve the mind and to overfeed the body. We do not know, indeed, that the present ruler of France is to be set down as necessarily opposed to freedom of thought. All that he has done may be quite adequately accounted for by his known dislike to freedom of speech, and the thought which is denied expression probably causes him little or no alarm. But Mr. Carlyle will not see that his strong man, if he wishes to put an

end to talk, cannot save himself from putting an end to thought at the same time. The nation that he has silenced grows contented with seeing its concerns managed for it, and, for a time at any rate, it probably recognises with justice that they are managed more wisely than before. But it grows contented, at the same time, with having some one to think for it; and, when ordinary men lose their interest in matters which are common to them with others, they naturally turn with more entire devotion to those which are personal to themselves. The commonplace citizen or the indolent man of society will not be likely, because he is shut out from politics, to concentrate himself on metaphysical or mathematical science; he will rather seek, in the excitement of mercantile speculation or the gratification of mere sensual instincts, the most natural compensation for the loss of any higher pleasure. And unfortunately he soon learns to like the change. The substitution of the one form of enjoyment for the other is, after all, rather congenial to him than otherwise. If the pleasures of intellect are more exquisite than those of sense, they are less universally appreciable, and consequently it needs but a very slight addition to give an overwhelming preponderance to the wrong side of the scale. It is just this addition which a ruler such as Mr. Carlyle longs to see in every age and country is driven to make, simply by the circumstances of his position. He may intend to govern men well, nay up to a certain point he may actually succeed in governing them well, but his success is purchased at the cost of extinguishing whatever capacity they might otherwise have shown for governing themselves. He can only play his part as hero by absorbing all that there is of heroism in his subjects. It is no answer, therefore, to those who quote the state of France as an argument against Mr. Carlyle's theory, to say that the Emperor Napoleon is not the right kind of king. At all events, he answers to Mr. Carlyle's definition of one. He knows what he wants, he can hold his tongue, he can govern with the strong hand. Nor indeed does it much matter whether he is, or is not, the true type of which Mr. Carlyle is in search. We are quite willing to take Mr. Carlyle's own conception, and to argue from it deductively, until we arrive by a natural progress at all the vices of the Second Empire. The one thing which could serve as an antidote to the action of the poison—the ruler's own indifference to the maintenance of his power—is denied him, inasmuch as the same sense of his people's needs which led him to assume the dictatorship in the first instance will make it more difficult to lay it down in proportion as the qualities which would enable his subjects to dispense with it become less and less apparent in their characters. France is less capable of governing herself now than she was in 1851; England was only less fitted to resist the degrading influences of the Restoration, because of her submission to Oliver Cromwell.

We had hardly expected to see Mr. Carlyle come forward as an advocate of finality in law reform; but from the sketch which he gives of the history of the Court of Chancery, it can hardly be doubted that he thinks our equitable jurisprudence is, and has been for more than two centuries, the very perfection of reason. The explanation of this seems to be, that in all its leading features it still bears the stamp impressed on it by the Lord Protector. At his bidding "sixty of the wisest lawyers to be found in England" contrived, without "babble of any kind," to get "sixty propositions fixed in their minds of the things that required to be done; and upon these sixty propositions Chancery was reconstructed and remodelled, and so it has lasted to our time." It is not quite clear whether Mr. Carlyle acknowledges any distinction between the principles of equity and the practice of the Court of Chancery, or whether he supposes that these sixty propositions constituted a species of equitable code by which every chancellor has been guided from that time to the present. Mr. Maine has pointed out that much of our early law is merely a compilation of maxims borrowed from the Roman Digest, of which the judges who reproduced them had the credit because the knowledge of them was mainly confined to the Bench. Perhaps, in the same way, Mr. Carlyle wishes us to understand that the system of equity, which is popularly supposed to have been the work of successive Chancellors, from Lord Nottingham to Lord Eldon, has been nothing more than an application of Cromwell's propositions to the individual cases submitted to the Court. The decision might be that of Lord Hardwicke or Lord Mansfield, but the principle on which it was founded came from the brain of the great Dictator. It can only be said that in this case the judges have been extremely successful in keeping the source of their inspiration secret. Indeed we see nothing for it but to believe that they have altogether withdrawn the genuine propositions from the public eye, and substituted in their stead a series of rules of practice which, if contemporary authorities are to be trusted, were never really put into operation at all. At least this is all that can be gathered from Whitelock's remark that though the objections offered by himself and Widdington, another of the Lords Commissioners, to the "Ordinance for regulating and limiting the jurisdiction of the High Court of Chancery" could not "prevail to stay the execution of it as to us who seemed to doubt the power that made (which the makers would not endure), yet we were the means that it was not exacted from our successors, but they were connived at in the non-execution of it." Considering, however, that one of the propositions in the Ordinance was that every cause should be heard the same day on which it was set down for hearing, thus practically excluding the possibility of a trial lasting for more than one day, it is difficult not to suspect that the judges would have been "connived at in the non-execution of it" even without Whitelock's opposition.

Of course, mixed up with these strange perversions of politics and history, there is a great deal in Mr. Carlyle's address which is very much to the purpose. Our only doubt is whether his hearers are likely to pay most attention to his precepts. That they may accept his definition of "holy" as "completely healthy" is highly probable, health being rather a fashionable virtue just now; but that they will yield equal reverence to his injunction to be content with trying to do their work without hankering after any other reward than the consciousness of having done so, strikes us as at best uncertain. There is a great deal of work going on which, as it is called for, we must suppose to be in some way useful to the world, but which it is quite impossible to conceive any one doing except upon a lower motive than that which Mr. Carlyle suggests. Probably he would answer that work of this kind had better be left alone; but as long as people are unphilosophical enough to need a livelihood they will decline to accept this as a final settlement of the question. We fancy that Mr. Carlyle might have been better employed in showing his Edinburgh students how to give a more genuine value to that everyday work which they will have to do, not so much for its own sake as for the sake of the reward it brings them, than in simply depreciating such secondary motives altogether. We daresay, for instance, the world might be better off if there were fewer writers of all kinds in it; but the change which society has undergone during the last half-century has necessarily tended to make literature more and more of a profession, and to convert men of letters into a species of middlemen between great authors and a public which wishes to have their works adapted for easy and rapid consumption. Certainly this is not attributing any very exalted function to journalism or criticism; but, if it is a function which has devolved upon it from the increase of wealth unaccompanied by any corresponding increase of education or leisure on the part of the possessors of wealth, we may be quite sure that it will continue to be discharged somehow. And Mr. Carlyle would have done a more real service to his hearers if he had shown them how to make popular writing better, than he is likely to achieve by merely uttering the ascetic precept, "Keep out of Literature." The philosopher who wishes to be of use to his own generation must occasionally come down from the heights, and condescend to adapt his teaching to the commonplace necessities of commonplace men.

SUNDAY DELIVERY OF LETTERS.

PERMANENT dwellers in London will perhaps not fully enter into the grievance of one form of the great Sabbatical controversy which periodically vexes the souls of a good many permanent dwellers in the country. We mean the attempts which are ever and anon made, in one shape or another, to hinder all breakfast-tables throughout the country from showing, on one morning in the week, their usual garnish of letters and papers. People in London are so used to the utter stoppage of all postal action on a Sunday that they are sometimes amazed at finding that another state of things exists elsewhere. They are so used to it that it does not strike them as a hardship, and it may perhaps seem to them that it would be no great hardship for other people to be brought to the same state as themselves. And certainly the stoppage of postal action in London on Sundays, thoroughly understood as it is by every one both in London and elsewhere, is no great practical grievance. It seems odd just at first to people who are not used to it; but the practical hardship is not great. It does not at all follow, however, that the same system would not be a grievance elsewhere. The truth is that the stoppage of postal action in London is tolerable, simply because it is exceptional. London may do without posting or receiving its letters for one day in the week, only on condition that all other places in the Kingdom should be allowed to post and receive theirs.

Many people will remember that, some years ago, the experiment was tried of putting the whole country on the same footing as London with regard to the receipt and delivery of letters on Sundays. If our memory does not fail us, it was Lord Shaftesbury, then a member of the House of Commons, who contrived to surprise the House into an address to the Crown to that effect, which was at once acted upon, but which was followed by so much inconvenience that another and more deliberate vote of the House soon put things back on their old footing. The plain fact is that, while a stoppage confined to London only is merely a stoppage of one day, and not always of that, a general stoppage would be a stoppage of two days, and sometimes of three. The result of the one day's stoppage in London is simply that no one in London gets letters on Sunday, and that no one anywhere else gets letters from London on Monday morning, which, of course, in places where there is only one delivery, means that no London letters can be had on Monday at all. This is the extreme case. But in many cases the London rule causes absolutely no stoppage to correspondence one way. A man in London writes on Saturday to his friend in the country; that friend, if he lives in any town or in many villages, can post his answer on Sunday, and his London correspondent receives the letter on Monday morning. In this case the London stoppage is no stoppage at all; correspondence goes on just the same as if it did not exist. But a general stoppage would bring with it quite another state of things. It would be in vain for a Londoner to write any letter on Saturday except

to those places which have so many deliveries that a letter written in London in the morning can be received the same evening. And these places, it should be remembered, are comparatively few—much fewer than those from whence a letter written in the morning can be received in London the same evening, were general stoppage the rule. If the Sabbatarian rule were strictly carried out, if no post went in or out of any place on Sunday, a letter written on Saturday could not reach its destination till Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning, according to circumstances. This would apply to all letters going from any one place to any other place. How great an inconvenience this would be to business and correspondence of all kinds we need not stop to point out. The present restriction is local, and is therefore endurable; make it general, and the straitest sect of the Pharisees would soon find it intolerable.

The enemy is probably cunning enough to see that this sort of thing, if proposed at once, would not fall in with public feeling; the small end of the wedge is therefore put in first. The usual machinery of religious agitation is called in. Circulars are sent round suggesting to each householder to decline to receive his own letters on Sunday, and putting forth in a pathetic way the grievances of the rural postmen. Now those grievances are most real, and ought to be forthwith redressed; we only say that the proposed way of redressing them is not the right way. It is very hard to steel one's heart against the picture of the unhappy postman, trudging, day after day, twenty miles or more along the same road, without a single day of rest from year's end to year's end—not a day for worship, not a day for amusement, not a day for quiet family enjoyment. And all this for wages so paltry that one wonders that any man undertakes the office. The case is as hard a one as can be thought of, and a generous man is glad at once to catch at any means of relieving so ill-paid and hard-worked a person, at the cost of any amount of inconvenience to himself. When the postman sends in his prayer for relief, nothing but a sense of public duty will lead any one to refuse to help in granting a prayer which, from the petitioner's point of view, is so thoroughly reasonable. But we hold that it is a public duty to refuse to listen, and that on two grounds. Much as we sympathize with the postman, we can have no sympathy with the postman's friends, who almost always belong to the narrow and intolerant Sabbatarian party, who are always trying to press their own superstition upon everybody, and to whom it is a distinct matter of duty never to yield an inch. The wrongs of the postman are only an excuse; the real object is to hinder anybody from having letters on Sundays. The old Puritans preached lustily against bear-baiting; but, as Lord Macaulay tells us, it was by no means out of sympathy with the bear. The objection to bear-baiting was, not that it gave pain to the bear, but that it gave pleasure to the spectators, and the Puritan's delight was at the highest when he enjoyed the twofold luxury of tormenting both spectators and bear. We do not charge the modern Puritans with going so far as their forerunners; we do not suspect them of the least wish to torment the postman. Still, on the whole, the postman answers to the bear in the other case. He is merely a colourable reason; the rigorously enforced Sabbath is the thing really at stake. If the old Puritans objected to bear-baiting, they objected equally to other sports which hurt neither man nor beast. So, if our letters could be delivered by steam, we are sure that the new Puritans would still object to our having them, and they would in their hearts weep over the loss of so excellent a grievance as the wrongs of the postman.

The Sabbath question itself we need not now argue. People who will confound Sundays and Sabbaths are beyond the reach of argument. It would be in vain to show such persons that the New Testament never speaks of the Sabbath except as an obsolete Jewish institution, and that St. Paul leaves its observance to the individual conscience along with the observance of the new moon. It would be equally in vain to show that, though the First Day of the week is recognised, the one precept given as to its observance is one to which English lovers of Sabbaths have a special objection to conforming. These things are plain enough to common sense, but the Sabbatarian somehow refuses to see them. It is in vain to argue with him; a choleric man might be tempted to resort against such a disputant to the logic of St. Louis; a peaceful man can only hold his tongue, and oppose the enemy by every practical means that he can light upon.

The Sabbatarian therefore is to be resisted, even when he puts forward so plausible an appeal to our humanity as asking us to deliver the postman from one seventh of his never-ending drudgery. His real object is to assert the principle that it is a sin to receive or write a letter on a Sunday. That principle we hold, like every other form of the Sabbatarian dogma, as a thing to be resisted to the uttermost. We judge no one; let every man do as he is persuaded in his own mind. Only let no man force his conviction on another; let no man try to commit the nation to his particular crotchets by trying to obtain national action on their behalf. St. Paul expressly forbids us to judge one another about either the new moon or the Sabbath-day. It is a part of a man's Christian liberty to do as he thinks fit about observing or neglecting either; but he is expressly forbidden to force his own views either way upon anybody else. Now this is just what the Sabbatarians always insist on doing, and in so doing they are to be withstood tooth and nail, not only by every thinking man, but by every one who sticks to the plain letter of the New Testament rather than to the traditions and inventions of men.

And now as to the wrongs of the postman. With those wrongs

we sympathize quite as much as the Sabbatarian can do; probably much more so, because our sympathy is perfectly pure, and has no ulterior views. The grievance is a frightful one, and ought to be remedied; only we do not look on the proposed Sabbatarian remedy as the right one. The postman ought to have his holiday, and the public ought to have their letters. This is no crocheting of a few people who like to have their letter-bags on a Sunday morning as well as on another morning. We have shown that, if the scheme at which the Sabbatarians are clearly aiming should be fully carried out, the greatest possible national inconvenience would follow. Let London keep its peculiar burden or privilege if it will, but it can keep it only on the condition of its being a peculiar burden or privilege. Letters must be delivered on Sundays throughout the country. But this is no reason why the rural postman should be the one person who works for 365 days in the year without a single holiday. The plain remedy is, let the Post-Office be more liberal with its servants. At present they are scandalously overworked and underpaid. Some arrangement or other should be made by which the labour of the rural postman may be lightened; some alteration of duties, some power of employing a substitute, by which the public interests may not be neglected and yet the same man may not be obliged to work seven days in every week. Of course this would cost money. But what then? It always strikes us that a wrong view is taken of the Post-Office when it is looked on as a commercial speculation on the part of the nation, by which the nation is to gain a revenue. The Post-Office is rather to be looked on as a branch of administration; as an institution without which no civilized country could get on, any more than it could get on without a Home Office or an Admiralty or Courts of Law. But there is no more occasion for the Post-Office to pay in a pecuniary sense than for other institutions to pay. The Post-Office is just the thing in which centralization is necessary—in which all personal, local, or corporate efforts must break down. It undertakes a great work which must be done, and which nobody but the Government of the country can do. Of course we do not ask the Government of the country to do it for nothing. No payment is so willingly paid as payments made to the Post-Office; they are the very opposite to payments made at the turnpike gate. We believe that they might have been much higher without people complaining. We have no right to ask the Government to carry on the postal service at a loss; but we do hold that mere commercial profit should not be an element in the calculation. The profits of the Post-Office are a very small sum as an element in the national revenue; they would be a very large sum if applied to reform within the Post-Office itself. It would be easy to give the worn-out rural postman at least an alternate weekly day of rest, without either inflicting any damage on the public, or giving any opportunity of triumph to the Sabbatarian enemy.

THE PEMBROKE COLLEGE ELECTION.

NOTHING spoils the generous character of a young man more than injustice dealt to him by those to whom he is taught to look up as the examples and guardians of justice. It is a sense of this fact that leads us briefly to notice the controversy which has been carried on in the *Times* and other journals concerning a recent election to a Fellowship at Pembroke College, Oxford. We are the more impelled to do so because there seems to be, on the part of the College authorities whose conduct is impeached, a somewhat donnish tendency to treat the complaints of undergraduates as unworthy of notice. "Silly howlings" is the phrase which, under the decent veil of a learned language, one of the Fellows applies to undergraduate remonstrances against a proceeding by which, at all events, the interests of undergraduate industry are manifestly affected. There are occasions, of course, on which academical authorities do rightly in carrying matters with a high hand and setting gainsayers at defiance; but, as we shall presently show, this is not one of them. Let us premise, that we confine any strictures we may have to make to the propriety of the course pursued by the Head and Fellows of the College, and to the bearing of such a course on the rights of the candidates and the interest of the institution. With the question of motives we have nothing to do; yet it is rational always to take a charitable view of it, in dealing with a somewhat monastic community like Oxford, where not merely purity of motive, but the most soaring disregard of all worldly considerations, is not unfrequently found in conjunction with an inability to apprehend not only the common rules of business, but the common rules of justice which public life has made familiar to men of the world. We will add that the case in no way turns upon the eternal question as to the advantages and disadvantages of competitive examination as a test of intellectual merit, and a mode of determining the elections to fellowships. Let it be granted that fair competition is but a mixed good; but unfair competition must be an unmixed evil. The man who wins a prize by doing best in an examination may not be morally excellent or likely to succeed in practical life; but a man who should win a prize by a previous understanding with the examiner could be nothing but a sneak.

The statutes of Pembroke College, like those of Oxford Colleges under the new system generally, prescribe that, before an election to a fellowship, candidates shall be invited by public notice to compete; and, of course it is distinctly implied, on equal terms. The statute further directs that "the intellectual

qualifications of the candidates for fellowships shall be tested by an examination in such subjects connected with the studies of the University as the Master and Fellows shall determine"; and that "the Master and Fellows shall elect that candidate (being otherwise duly qualified according to the statutes in force for the time being) who, after such examination, shall appear to them to be of the greatest merit, and most fit to be a Fellow of the College, as a place of religion, learning, and education." These words are construed, by one of those who impugn the conduct of the electors, as requiring that the fellowship shall "be awarded in accordance with the results of a strictly competitive examination." This is going too far; the words plainly allow the electors, after the examination has been duly held and its results duly weighed, to determine their choice by reference to the general interests of the college, certain as it may be that those interests would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, point to a steady adherence to the results of a fair examination. But, on the other hand, it is equally plain that the electors are bound to make up their minds after the examination, and not to allow themselves to be biased in favour of any particular candidate before it. Indeed, it is morally impossible that any man can conduct a competitive examination fairly, or, consequently, to any purpose at all, unless he reads the papers of the candidates with an open mind.

Previously to the election the result of which is now under discussion, the Master of Pembroke duly issued his public notice according to statute. But when candidates called to put down their names, they were informed that they would have to compete with a person who had received a special invitation. A question appears to be raised as to the official character of this intimation; though, supposing it to be not official, but private, that would only aggravate the irregularity of the transaction. But how could anything said by the official representative of the College to those who called upon him officially be otherwise than official? A question is also raised as to the precise effect which the intimation was intended to have. What effect could it be intended to have but that of deterring the candidates who had not received special invitations from competing, by leading them to believe that they would compete at a disadvantage? Ten candidates, notwithstanding, perhaps not knowing how many votes the Master carried with him, persisted in competing; and among the number were some whose academical achievements rendered it improbable *prima facie*, as the Master allows, that they should be beaten in the examination by the specially invited candidate, whose honours were not of the highest kind. Nevertheless, the candidate who had received the special invitation was elected. He was elected, it is confidently averred, by the votes of those who had invited him, electors who had not joined in the invitation voting against him. It is further averred that, in drawing up the papers for the examination, an advantage was designedly given to the candidate whose success the examiners desired; but though this charge is made by a person who puts his name to it, and though it has not yet been rebutted, it is one which the public would of course be very slow to entertain seriously, much more to believe.

The conduct of the College, or rather of the majority of the electors, is defended by the Master in the *Times*, and by Dr. Mitchinson, one of the Fellows, in the *Guardian*. The Master, at all events, writes in the style of a man of sense. Dr. Mitchinson writes in the style of a person in high authority and in a state of extreme displeasure. The accounts of the matter given by these two gentlemen respectively differ materially from each other. The Master avers that—in spite, as he admits, of antecedent probability—the invited candidate did the best in the examination, so that he was, after all, really elected on his merits; a result which would, in a certain way, cover the previous irregularity, were it not that some who would otherwise have been candidates appear to have been driven away by the Master's announcement as to the conditions of the competition. But Dr. Mitchinson's statement is that it was a case of *cateris paribus*: that the competition was reduced at last, in the minds of the electors, to three candidates, who were so equal that it would have been impossible, on their papers, to choose between them; and that the preference was then given by the majority to the candidate who had been specially invited, on the ground that he was the best suited to be a tutor for the "pass-men"—a description of his qualifications which, by the way, does not promise high success in an examination. Whether those who had invited the winner to compete voted in the majority, Dr. Mitchinson does not think proper to reveal. Both the Master and Dr. Mitchinson, however, in effect admit that some of the electors had made up their minds, before the examination, to give a preference to a particular candidate whom they had invited to compete. This clearly vitiated the examination; and to pretend that it did not—to pretend that the minds of the electors could be at once biased and open—is only to show that the spirit of casuistry has survived the study in the more mediæval of our two great seats of learning. Equally futile is it for the Master to pretend that, when he specially invited a particular candidate to compete, he gave "no pledge or promise" to that candidate. Suppose, at the last election to the Mastership, one of the Fellows had specially invited him to enter the field, and had afterwards voted against him, would he have thought himself well used? The truth is that the proceeding was equivocal, and the attempts to explain it in accordance with the statute and with justice inevitably partake of

the same character. To trace their perplexities is neither a very pleasant nor a very profitable task.

We said that we would not impugn the motives of the Master and Fellows. We will go further, and say that we do not doubt that they were actuated by the best motives. No others, indeed—no personal reasons for favouring the successful candidate—have even been suggested. It is easily conceivable that there may have been in this particular instance a conflict between the statute, which required the election to be made with reference to a competitive examination, and the interest of the College, which wanted a "pass" tutor; and that it was in an honest though maladroit attempt to reconcile the two that the Master and Fellows got into this mess. But into a mess they have got, and we hope they will not get into such a mess again.

GOVERNMENT AND ART.

ONE of the points urged, and with great success, before the Commission of 1863 on the Royal Academy, was that the introduction of a lay element into the Council might enable that body to assume a function which falls directly within the scope of an Academy. It would thenceforth become practicable to refer to the Academicians all art questions relating to public buildings and monuments, the laying out of new streets, the construction and management of Galleries and Art Museums, Schools of Art, and the like. Merely as a matter of economy in time, expense, and responsibility, such a body of referees, as a council of skilled advice and reference, would be most valuable; while, as representing art in its professional as well as in its wider and higher aspects, its judgments would in practice be all but final. Contrast with this ideal state of things—and it certainly was intended in the original foundation of the Royal Academy under George III.—the way in which our public buildings and monuments are now settled. Sometimes we have a special Commission, at a very special expense, appointed by the Crown, not to settle, but to advise and recommend upon some new scheme. This Commission, if very fond of *éclat*, advertises for a general competition, and for a great exhibition of rival designs to be displayed in Westminster Hall. Omitting to undertake to pay the competitors for their work, the Commissioners generally fail to attract the best men. In the matter of architecture it never answers for a first-rate man to spend many months and some six or eight hundred pounds in "getting out" a set of drawings, nine out of ten of which are either useless or unintelligible, on the chance of being summarily rejected on the cardinal and preliminary question of "style." Neither do artists like to be at the mercy of nobody knows who, and, after all prizes are given, and the results of the competition are awarded and apparently settled, to be thrown over at the last moment at the ignorant caprice of such an art-critic as the late Lord Palmerston. Or, if the general competition scheme gets blown upon, a limited competition seems at any rate to save the Commissioners trouble and the artists expense. But such is the fatality of Government Commissions that even here they are sure to steer straight upon a rock, or perhaps even to call a rock from the deep for the express purpose of being steered upon.

In the limited competition for the Law Courts—or Palace of Justice, as, after the manner of the French, it is to be called—this fatality of blundering has signalized itself. The Commissioners, appointed, as it seems, because only one of them even pretended to know anything about art, invited competition from six architects without the preliminary formality of ascertaining whether they would compete. No doubt, if a competition among six, and only six, architects were the right thing, Messrs. Scott, E. Barry, Street, Waterhouse, Thomas Wyatt, and Hardwick were very proper architects to select. But no sooner was the competition announced than the two last-named gentlemen declined on any terms to enter the lists. Not satisfied with this first rebuff, the Commissioners, or Committee, or referees, or whatever they are, the *Quinque Viri* of Office, Law, and Art—Mr. Cowper and Mr. Gladstone, Chief Justice Cockburn and the Attorney-General, and Mr. Stirling—contrived further to reduce their selected men. After the terms of the competition were announced, they issued an instruction that the selected architect should confine himself, during the progress of the Courts, to that work and to that only. Whether some such restriction was not justifiable we shall not say; but the result of this *ex post facto* thought was that Mr. Scott and Mr. E. Barry knocked off. Here was an end of the principle. The limited competition of six resolved itself into a quiet contest between Mr. Street and Mr. Waterhouse—perhaps the two most suitable for the work. But this is not the point. It was open to the Government at first to appoint either Mr. Street or Mr. Waterhouse, or to invite the two to fight it out. As, however, they had not taken either of these courses originally, but had arranged a competition on a totally different principle, they could not accept this failure. Besides, the profession began to grumble. Never perhaps very favourable to this limited-competition principle, the architects, as represented by the Institute, preferred any and every scheme except that which the Government had tried and failed in. Mr. Tite was for a competition open to everybody, and quoted his own success in the Royal Exchange, and Sir Charles Barry's triumph in an open contest for the Houses of Parliament; and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, who brought the matter before Parliament just before the Easter recess, took the same line. Mr. Beresford Hope was cautious in expressing a judgment on this

point. Theoretically, an unlimited and open competition might be the best, but it was, under the circumstances, impracticable; could you be sure of knowing the best man, a direct nomination of the architect could not be impugned; therefore a limited competition was the thing to be accepted. Only the authorities had mismanaged it; perhaps the number of six was too small, and certainly the number of two was absurd; conceivably the restriction might be defended, only it was imposed at the wrong time. Anyhow the whole thing had broken down. By an unhappy fatality, the Government had done the right thing, if it was the right thing, in the wrong way. Something, however, must be done. Whereupon official wisdom, in the person of Mr. Cowper and the Attorney-General, replied that something had been done. The mystic number of six had been filled up, and the college of competitors was again complete, by the substitution for the four recusants of Mr. Raphael Brandon, Mr. Deane, Mr. Garling, and Mr. Gibson, though this completion of the sacred number had not been arrived at without some difficulty, Mr. Somers Clarke having been invited, but having also declined. This patching up of the old scheme found no favour with the House of Commons. A vote adverse to the Government was carried, and Parliament decided that a competition of six was unsatisfactory. After this vote, the Commissioners met, rescinded their prohibitory restriction, and decided to readmit the four original secessionists if they chose to come back, and undertook to add two or more names to the list, increasing it to about a dozen. A somewhat similar fate has attended the parallel scheme for rebuilding the National Gallery. Here, also, the favourite number of six architects was selected—Mr. Scott, Mr. Street, Messrs. Banks and Barry, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Brodrick, and Mr. Pennethorne. Judiciously enough Mr. Pennethorne declined, and the same difficulties as those which had arisen in the case of the Law Courts having intervened, the whole thing seems to have resolved itself into chaos. But it is understood that here again, after its manner, Government has succumbed and abandoned its purpose, and the list of selected competitors is to be enlarged to some ten or twelve.

The chief moral to be drawn from all this is, that, do what they can, let the Government be ever so impartial, let the Commissioners and Judges in a competition be ever so anxious to get the right man, there is sure to be some blunder. And it is so, because nobody knows that, even though a thing is decided upon, it will ever be done. There are conflicting jurisdictions and authorities, and we can never find out what is final. There are Commissioners who may or who may not be competent for their work, or who may, as in the instance of the Law Courts, know some part of their duties, such as the arrangements of robing-rooms and witness-boxes, and yet be totally ignorant of Art. And then, besides the Commissioners, there may be the great voice of the intelligent public, delighted with a flashy water-colour picture in Westminster Hall, and serenely scornful of ground-plans and geometrical elevations. And then there is "the profession," calmly grumbling all the time. And there is the First Commissioner of Works, who perhaps has only delegated to the Commissioners a power to advise, and who is ready, at the dictates of the House of Commons, to resume his function or to abdicate it instantly. And then, perhaps, at the last moment, when everything is settled, there is some First Lord of the Treasury, or some unknown power of some sort, which intervenes at last and knocks the whole thing, and the deliberation and judgment of many minds and many masters, to pieces at one blow; and will have what he thinks is Palladian or Renaissance, or quasi-Gothic or semi-Vitruvian, or Palmerstonian or Victorian, or what not. So it comes to pass that everybody is dissatisfied; and, as that rough honest Mr. Henley says, all that we can make up our minds to is that everything must be wrong. Mr. Wilkins' National Gallery was a failure, not so much because Mr. Wilkins was in fault, but because Parliament was stingy. The Palace of Westminster has produced all those long years of wrangling and heartburning, partly because Sir Charles Barry did not know his own mind, and partly because he and his successor have always been interfered with by those who know nothing about Art; as, for example, in the proposed completion of the Palace Yard Quadrangle. The Royal Exchange, whether originally a great work or not, has been totally spoilt by the erection of shops and stalls on its flanks. The Public Offices in Downing Street are the most disgraceful failure from first to last, thanks to Lord Palmerston, which has yet discredited English taste. Jobbery and intrigue are doing their worst to make a mess of the approaches from Charing Cross to the Thames Embankment, while, as regards the architecture of the quays, we are left in pleasant uncertainty as to whether the final decision on this rather important point is not, after all, within the competence of the *épiciers* mind of "the members for Whitechapel and Shoreditch" in Sir John Thwaites' *Parliamentum* at Spring Gardens. And all this because we are living under an Art anarchy. We do not blame the authorities. Mr. Cowper is, we believe, most sincerely anxious to do his duty both to Art and to the public; few officials have exhibited a better spirit or more honest purpose. It is the system, not the man, who is in fault. The Commissioner of Works has responsibility, but no power; and they who have the power have not the responsibility. Selected Commissions are nominated with great pomp by the Crown to "advise the Treasury," and the Treasury advises itself to take the advice if the Treasury likes it, and to reject the advice if the Treasury cannot understand it. Commissions and competitions,

therefore, resolve themselves into a mockery. Nothing will ever be done till we have a body in whom the public can have confidence, who will settle once and for ever the question of competition or no competition, competition limited or unlimited, and whose decision on matters of Art shall be altogether independent of official caprice or professional jealousy.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

EVENTS of exceeding interest mark the history of this subject during the last few weeks. A decided diminution has taken place in the spread of the disease. The Government have adopted measures which, if not all that could be desired, indicate that at least a little more energy has been infused into their proceedings. Live cattle markets have been superseded for the present, and it may be hoped for ever, by supplies of dead meat afforded in abundance, and apparently with comparatively little inconvenience either to the trade or to the public. Each of these subjects claims some notice.

The number of beasts attacked by the plague reached a maximum in the week ending February the 17th. In that week they numbered 13,000, not including "back cases," which would probably have raised the amount to 15,000. On the 20th of February the Cattle Disease Act came into operation. This Act stopped the transit of cattle by rail; required the immediate slaughter of all sick animals; and, if local authorities so ordered, of those which had been liable to infection, compensation being paid for all animals killed. During the week ending March 24th, the number of attacks had fallen to 4,196, or, allowing a wide margin for "back cases," to 5,000. Thus in the space of five weeks the number of animals attacked during a single week decreased by two-thirds. The number of new sites or infected spots was in the week first mentioned at least 1,000, whilst in the week ending March the 24th the number was but little over 400. It is alike easy and satisfactory to recognise this improvement, but it is very necessary and very important to determine its origin. If this be due to the measures adopted for the suppression of the pestilence, the duty of steadily maintaining them in operation will be self-evident; whilst if, as some suppose, the decline of the disease be the result of natural causes, and it is now following a law which will soon lead to its disappearance altogether, there will exist neither the necessity nor the wish to maintain restrictions which would then be considered intolerable. It is perfectly true that all epidemic and epizootic diseases have, with a certain regularity, periods of access, increase, decline, and disappearance. Were it otherwise, we should never be free from such pestilences as cholera. Nay, it may be said that the cattle plague of the last century would still be here were it not for the so-called law just referred to. The percentage of recoveries, which has increased, is also taken as evidence of diminished virulence in the disease. On the other hand, it is asserted that the intensely contagious character of the cattle plague, which rarely spares an animal brought within its influence, marks it as distinct from such diseases as cholera, of which the contagious character is a matter of doubt, and that it is thus exempt from what may be called the ordinary course of epidemics. In fact, it is felt that before the cattle plague can cease its poison must be utterly destroyed, or all bovine animals must be placed beyond its influence. This is really the process which has been going on amongst us to a limited extent since the Cattle Disease Act came into operation. The spread of the disease has been restricted by the limit placed on the movement of cattle; the propagation of the poison has been checked by the slaughter of the sick. In the week marked by 15,000 attacks of disease, 864 animals only were slaughtered; in the week which counted only 5,000 attacks, more than 4,700 animals were killed. It may also be replied that there is in reality no evidence to show that the virulence of the disease is less now than it was six months ago. The percentage of recoveries is rather greater, it is true, than it was then; but this result is due to the fact that the animals are no longer destroyed by enormous doses of unsuitable physic, or by improper food. The recoveries in Scotland are greater than in any other part of the United Kingdom. This result is ascribed by the Edinburgh Committee, which has done good and useful work, simply to the system of giving the sick animals warm drinks and light food previously cooked, leaving them in other respects alone. The cattle plague of the last century lasted twelve years, and was as virulent, according to a statement of Lord Cathcart's made in an address delivered recently before the Royal Agricultural Society, in the last as it was in the first year of its invasion. An unfounded belief in the natural decline, at the present moment, of this terrible pestilence would lead to the most disastrous consequences. Whatever the result may be, it will be wiser, safer, better to look on the enemy as still amongst us in all its malignity, and to relax no effort which is likely to rid us of its presence; not to rest whilst a trace of the poison exists. Let our maxim be—

Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen exerceat nullum.
(If dust be none, yet brush that none away.)

And thus we may hope to secure our ultimate safety.

It remains to be seen whether the rules and regulations now about to come into operation will be equal to the emergency. They are clearer and more comprehensive certainly than any hitherto issued, but they depart, to some extent, from the practice to which we have attributed the recent decline of the disease. They maintain in force till April 16th the suspension

of cattle traffic on railways which, under the Act, should have terminated on March 25th; and thus is admitted the wisdom of the resolution of the House of Commons which, against the wish of the Government, led to this most useful step. The power to slaughter diseased beasts, and to pay compensation, will terminate on April 15th, and it has not been renewed by the recent Orders in Council. In place of these wholesome regulations we find some new rules by which districts may be declared "infected places," and which then shall, with all that relates to the cattle therein contained, be placed under a species of quarantine. Under this system, slaughtering the sick or those liable to infection will cease. Attempts at cure, useless, absurd, and often painfully ridiculous, will be renewed; the unfortunate animals will be suffered to linger on, generating hourly more and more infectious matter, polluting the sheds they occupy, the pastures they traverse, and the atmosphere they breathe, maintaining an ever-ready supply of this virulent poison, which will propagate disease so long as it is allowed to exist. It is difficult to see the reasons which have induced the Government to depart from practices sanctioned by the House of Commons, and under which the disease has been diminished to so great an extent. Had the system now about to be abandoned been adopted in the early winter months, how much ruin and misery might have been avoided!

The last official returns record the number of animals that had been attacked by the disease as 215,000, and the number of infected sites as 23,200. The number of recorded recoveries are 30,000, thus leaving 185,000 as the number of those that have died or were killed, or are unaccounted for; besides which, 45,000 animals are stated to have been slaughtered healthy. We thus find that 230,000 victims are officially recorded as having fallen in the first nine months of the pestilence. Lord Cathcart, in the address already mentioned, asserts that the official numbers are far below the reality. He estimates the loss at 400,000 head of cattle, valued at four millions sterling. But whether we assume the lesser or the greater number to be true, the extent of the calamity is enormous. The suffering is aggravated by the inequality of its incidents; some districts have for the present entirely escaped, whilst in others, especially in Cheshire, the herds have been utterly destroyed. No measures that can prevent the extension of this calamity hereafter to other districts can be either too decided or too costly; and if the question of slaughter and compensation be even temporarily abandoned, it will but confirm that which has been too often proved within the last few months, in reference to the proceedings of the Government, that "folly is that wisdom which is wise only behindhand."

In the midst of so much that is lamentable, it is gratifying to find something that is really good. The suspension of all cattle traffic has led to the discovery that live cattle markets for fat stock are unnecessary. During the last five weeks the metropolis and the populous provincial cities have obtained their supplies almost entirely from dead-meat markets, without inconvenience and without any increase of price. Animals need no longer be subjected to the prolonged tortures of prolonged journeys by rail and road; to tedious exposure in markets; to being driven through crowded streets, terrified and excited, exciting and alarming all whom they approached; to being goaded into slaughter-houses, which will no longer be required. The meat will be, as it is now found to be, more profitable and more wholesome, whilst our atmosphere will cease to be polluted by hundreds of tons of refuse and offal. If all that has been done in this respect could be done so well on an emergency, and without time for preparation, how much better and how much more easily will it be accomplished by and by! Animals will be slaughtered and the meat well dressed with acquired experience. The railway authorities will have made better arrangements, which are at present most imperfect, for the carriage of meat, and they will be required to adapt their charges to the services rendered, and not, as now, to take advantage of exceptional circumstances—a proceeding against which well-founded complaints have been made. We cannot see why the dead meat should not be collected and carried hung in vans like furniture vans, which could be placed on trucks and conveyed direct from the terminus to the dead-meat markets without packing or handling. These markets will no doubt be improved, and in none is there more room for such improvement than in the dead-meat market of this metropolis, or rather in the confined, dirty, and dilapidated concern which is dignified by that name, and which, as it was never intended, is utterly unsuitable for the function assigned to it. Smithfield will, no doubt, in two or three years hence, be all that can be required, but is the Corporation unable in the interval to provide a substitute?

The success, however, of this great experiment has been seriously endangered by a very rash proceeding on the part of Government in suddenly stopping the importation of cattle and sheep from Holland. Some Dutch cows which, when examined by our inspectors, were pronounced healthy, were subsequently found to have been sick when imported, and thus was the plague introduced again from abroad into the metropolis. An Order in Council was immediately issued, stopping the importation of cattle from Holland, on the ground that the Dutch authorities did not exercise sufficient care in the export of cattle—a complaint which must apply with still more force to our own authorities, who suffered the cattle to pass. Our imports from Holland are enormous, and are rapidly increasing. The annexed table shows their amount during the last two years:—

Imports of Cattle and Sheep into the United Kingdom from Holland during the Years 1864 and 1865.

	1864.	1865.
Oxen . . .	77,481	68,694
Cows . . .	21,973	19,293
Calves . . .	45,503	48,226
Sheep . . .	249,264	315,141
Total . . .	394,221	451,354

To interfere with so extensive a trade would be at all times a serious matter, but at this critical moment to stop such an abundant supply of food and of young stock, in the shape of nearly a thousand calves a week, could only be justified by the most pressing necessity. In truth, no such necessity existed. Nothing could be more clear and explicit than the language of the Royal Commission in its second Report, which told us that we shall henceforth, owing to the extension of railways into the East of Europe, be always liable to the introduction of this pestilence, that no confidence can be placed in any system of inspection, and that we cannot hope to prevent its frequent invasion except by slaughterhouses and quarantine grounds at the ports of debarkation for foreign cattle. This Report has been in the hands of the Government since the end of January, and yet, so far as is known, no attempts have been made to act on the advice given them. If the principle applied in the case of Holland be adopted towards other countries from whence the plague may come at any moment, we must virtually stop the importation of foreign cattle and sheep altogether—of imports which, as regards cattle, amounted in the year 1865 to 283,271 head, and of sheep and lambs to more than 900,000. The stoppage of the Dutch trade has already had a most marked effect on our markets, as shown by the annexed Reports:—

Metropolitan Cattle Market, March 29.—There was a singularly small supply of beasts at market to-day. The whole number was only 270, of which 12 only came from Holland and Germany, and 118 from France. This falling off is due to the recent Order in Council referring to Dutch cattle. The beef trade, notwithstanding the shortness of the supply, was strangely dull; but prices were firmer, and the best quality on offer made 2d. per stone of 8 lbs. more money.

April 2.—The supply of beasts at this market to-day was exceedingly small, consisting, all told, of no more than 930, of which 167 came from Norfolk and Suffolk by water, 178 from Ireland, 350 from Scotland, and 235 from France and other foreign countries, but none whatever from Holland or Germany.

The beef trade was more active, and the best descriptions commanded more money—say by 2d. per stone; the top price being 5s. 2d.

April 5.—There was a small supply of stock at market this morning, and prices sustained an important advance.

Of beasts there were 410, including 334 foreign, and they were speedily cleared off at 4d. per stone advance.

These facts indicate the absolute necessity for making, without delay, suitable arrangements for the reception of foreign cattle on our shores. We can see no difficulty in the matter which would justify further delay or hesitation. If Government will not undertake the duty, there is no reason why it should not be accomplished by a corporation or joint-stock company under Government inspection and proper licenses. The undertaking could not fail to be remunerative, and it would be of infinite usefulness to the country.

THE MODERN ETON BOY.

THE Easter holidays have come, and have brought with them to town the Eton and other public-school boys. We now meet in the streets and the parks, escorting mammas or gallanting sisters, the youngsters whom it seems only a few weeks ago we saw at the pantomimes, and whom we shall probably in an equally short time meet at Ems, Wiesbaden, or Spa. We see them riding in Rotten Row, and lamenting the conclusion of the hunting season. We see them yawning at the Christy Minstrels, and, with a sagacity beyond that of adult spectators, wondering whether real negroes are so dull. The public-schoolboy, half-boy and half-man, is well worthy of our notice. He is a fit subject for study and reflection. He is so unlike other English boys, and all foreign boys. At once boyish in the extreme of his simplicity and manly in the extreme of his self-reliance, with a sort of wish to appear reverential struggling hard against an ingrained bumptiousness, with a profound ignorance of many things in the world, but with a deliciously simulated knowledge of the world itself, the public-schoolboy is a curious spectacle, irrespectively of the reflections suggested by the process of his fabrication. And when it is remembered that he is the ultimate product of several hundred pounds spent on his elaboration, he becomes naturally a greater curiosity and a more striking wonder.

But what the public-schoolboy generally is to all boys who have been condemned to the ignoble discipline of private tuition, that the Eton boy is to all other products of all other public schools. Not that we mean to say that he exaggerates their virtues and intensifies their acquirements. On the contrary, as we shall see, he has defects from which we believe that they are comparatively free. But the tone and manner and bearing which distinguish all public-schoolboys more especially distinguish the Eton boy. That quaint language—or, more strictly speaking, slang—in which the dialects of public schools are carried on, has, at Eton, less affinity to the ordinary English of average men and boys than its equivalent at other schools. There is also a greater affectation of knowledge of the world's ways at Eton than elsewhere, a greater love of idleness, luxury, enjoyment, and diversion. And it is

in this direction that Etonian divergence from the common type of our other schools is most open to exception and censure.

We speak of those who are not educated on the Foundation. And our mention of them inevitably brings before us the least noble and the least pleasing types of Eton minds—types unfortunately more abundant now than in former days. It is the special and most repulsive blot on the modern education at Eton that it makes the rich boys despise the poor boys, the idle boys despise the working boys, the oppidans despise the collegers. There were, of course, always at Eton, as elsewhere, rich and vulgar and foolish boys, who professed to despise the more intelligent and industrious of their schoolfellows. But they did not constitute the majority, nor even a formidable minority, of the school. The scales of public opinion weighed strongly and decidedly in favour of talent and industry. But this seems to be changed now. And one cause—not, indeed, the principal cause—of the change may be traced to a salutary reform effected within the last fifteen years, the reform which awarded a position on the Foundation to the victors in a competitive examination. Year after year since that reform was established, the collegers have been advancing, and the oppidans receding, in scholarship, until at last it is regarded as a strangely exceptional event when an oppidan gains the highest classical honours in the school. Formerly it was rare to see a collier distinguished for his attainments. Now it is as rare to see an oppidan achieve distinction, though the oppidans are to the collegers as ten to one. This mutation of honours has had something to do with the contempt so generally lavished on “saps.” “Saps” and “tugs” have become convertible terms, and to use the brains with which a boy is gifted is held to be “low” by a large portion of the young community which regards the necessity for exertion as a disgrace.

But the cause which we have mentioned cannot be the only or the most powerful cause of a state of feeling as shameful as it is novel. The principal cause will be found in the largely increased number of wealthy parvenus which has been developed by the increased commerce of the country. The first object which fires the ambition of obscure rich men is to get their children into what they call “high society,” and the easiest mode of doing this is, according to their view, to make their sons rub shoulders with the young aristocracy of the land. They indulge the mild delusion that their offspring will, in the years of maturity, consort on terms of intimacy with the lords who have construed with them at the same tutor's or pulled in the same boat. This is their object, almost their undisguised object, in sending their boys to Eton. Of literature ancient or modern, of history, of poetry, they have no notion, and no opinion. They have a vague belief that all poets, from Homer to Virgil, from Virgil to Shakespeare, and Shakespeare to Tennyson, have been people of doubtful means, for whose good conduct a wholesome vagrant law was the best guarantee; and that all authors are creatures on whom a “warm” man should keep a suspicious eye. Having risen from nothing, and owing their rise to no one intellectual faculty beyond that strange instinct for making money which often co-exists with an utter absence of the humanities, they see no good in science, or erudition, or anything but money and social position. Imagine a school where one-third of the boys have been brought up under such auspices, with no taste but for limitless extravagance, and no veneration but for superior birth; while, of the other two-thirds, one fraction represents the idols of these golden asses, and a larger fraction is composed of comfortable mediocrity and placid stolidity. Even such elements as these are not beyond the corrective influence of patient and honest tuition. To soften the coarseness of self-satisfied ignorance, or subdue the pride of conscious and selfish wealth, is not an easy, but still it is not an utterly hopeless, task. It is not more hopeless than many a labour which is cheerfully undertaken, and often successfully completed, for objects less exciting than the moral advancement of opulent and aristocratic youth. But labour of this sort is not forthcoming at Eton. The rigour which might repress self-indulgence, the advice which might stimulate youthful ambition, the authority which might rebuke the superciliousness of birth and the precocious baseness of parasitical wealth—all these are wanting in the place where they are most required. And why are they wanting? Because they call for the frequent and repeated intercourse of pupil and tutor, and for that accurate acquaintance with personal character which frequent and friendly intercourse alone can give. How much it can give, Arnold's pupils testify. But friendly intercourse and friendly advice and personal influence are beyond the scope of an Eton master's prescribed task. To be the Mentor of his pupils, he must multiply himself by four, or divide them by four. He has to look after forty boys in his own house, to say nothing of those out of his house, and it is needless to say that this looking-after is equivalent to overlooking. If he is to do his duty, he must have less than half the number of his present pupils. But less than half the number of pupils means less than half the usual tutorial receipts; and the virtue of the masters has not yet reached that point of self-sacrifice which prefers the welfare of the taught to the gains of the teachers.

The consequence is what we daily see. One class of Etonians brings from patrician homes an elegant and supercilious indifference, which is vulgarized into an odious contempt for all mental effort by the parasitic scions of plebeian wealth. Another class, innocuous and inoffensive in itself, catches something of the prevailing tone, and stagnates into utter inertness. Such intellectual exertion as survives the crushing effect of the surrounding atmosphere is monopolized by the Foundation boys, with the

exception of a few eccentric oppidans, whose wayward ambition oftener provokes contemptuous astonishment than respect or imitation. Nor is the prevailing languor confined to the boys' studies. It extends to the playing-fields, and an establishment which devotes twice as much time and twice as many votaries to cricket as any other school, is ignominiously defeated by its less popular rivals in the great annual contests of Marylebone. We admit readily that the average Eton boy is, as a rule, quite free from vicious propensities; that, though languid and *diletante*, he has gentlemanly and honourable instincts; that he is a very pleasant fellow, and very good-natured; that he to a great extent redeems, by his truthfulness and candour to his compeers, the unfortunate predilection for "white lies" which he exhibits in his relations with his masters; and that the public opinion of the school holds these white lies to be permissible only within certain defined limits. But, after all these admissions, it remains an important and vexing question whether, in an age when education is advancing among all classes, and when individual character is so generally asserting its claims in all grades of life, the cost of an Eton education is fully repaid by results which, with few exceptions, may be summed up as a love of ease, enjoyment, and pleasure; a disposition to regard the great bulk of those who work with their brains or their hands as "cads" and "clods"; a contempt for all knowledge save a very imperfect smattering of Latin and Greek; and a familiarity with cricket just sufficient to ensure for its amateurs an annual defeat in the presence of all the public schools of England.

The answer to this question cannot be satisfactory. The example of other public schools shows that boys brought up in them are not by any law of necessity idle, frivolous, and self-indulgent. Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury, and Marlborough send out into the world youths who are at once good scholars and good cricketers. In none of these is it considered correct taste to despise industry and disparage knowledge. It is true that Etonians, coming as they generally do from wealthier homes, are more indifferent to the pecuniary rewards of academical distinction than others. But there was a time—and that not so long ago—when Eton boys loved literature for itself, and won the honours of scholarship, careless of its emoluments. Cavendish and Lyttelton were patricians, whose scholarship and science would have raised to affluence the humblest sizar that ever trudged from the breezy moors of Westmoreland to St. John's. It is an evil sign if they have no successors of their honours among the young patricians of the great school of whose fame they themselves were so jealous. It will be an evil day for England when the scions of noble houses or the heirs of commercial wealth forego the conflicts of public life for the lazy pleasures which beguile the existence of Roman or Neapolitan nobles. It will not be much better if they learn to follow out-of-door sport in that epicurean and desultory style which the introduction of the *batue* has made fashionable. It has hitherto been the distinguishing privilege of those Englishmen who were born in the purple that they were trained by a hardy discipline, when young, to contend against all comers on the broad arena of public life. But this privilege will be lost if the great institution which has hitherto educated English senators and statesmen instils into its pupils nothing better than a love of elegant ease, a vulgar admiration for the material advantages of fortune, and a contemptuous disregard for those qualities and attainments which are yearly acquiring greater esteem and influence in the opinion of all thoughtful Englishmen. If Eton is to justify her hold on the higher classes, she must condescend to imitate the discipline of those inferior schools which, if they have not been so blessed as she has been by the favours of the great, have yet succeeded in so strengthening the moral fibre of humbler students as to ensure for them the slow and painful ascent to that eminence from which their more fortunate sons complacently look down on the labours of struggling "cads." Meanwhile, for the present, Etonians—save the despised and distinguished collegers—must content themselves with such honour as belongs to a correct idea of dress, a facile prodigality of money, a taste for arm-chairs and engravings, a tolerable proficiency in rowing, a moderate proficiency in cricket, and manners pleasant, good-humoured, and not unamusing.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND.

WHEN a hitch takes place in any great undertaking, it always seems to afford vast satisfaction to the public to proclaim that the misfortune is nobody's fault, and that not only has every one concerned shown as much foresight as could be fairly expected from fallible human beings, but that even after the event it is impossible to say by what further precaution the accident could have been avoided. The feeling which prompts this kind of criticism is made up partly of a generous compassion for those who may be blamed, or who may have suffered, and partly of the old superstitious tendency to throw as much responsibility as possible upon the proverbial beast of burden. Coroners' juries delight to find a verdict of the "Act of God"; but, if such a conclusion were justified as often as it is drawn, human affairs would be much less hopeful than they are. Practically, we find that, as experience increases, the efforts made in any particular direction come to be less and less thwarted by the Providence which is always rather irreverently charged with unexpected casualties; and we have no doubt that in course of time the failures of successive Atlantic telegraphs, the enormous difficulty of launching the *Great Eastern*, and the as yet unsuccessful attempt to get the

Northumberland into deep water will all be ascribed to well-ascertained mistakes in the preliminary arrangements. If this were not so, we ought to despair of ever bringing such enterprises to a happy end, and nothing would be more discouraging than to have to record a misfortune which no human care or skill could possibly have averted. Such misfortunes are not recognised in engineering science. It is the business of the engineer to know exactly how far he can depend on the means at his command, and not to trust them further if any possibility exists of escaping the trial. In some cases risk of failure is legitimately run, and no blame attaches to those who have chosen the best known methods of accomplishing their purpose, and have deliberately encountered a certain measure of inevitable risk, justified by the extreme value of the result to be obtained. In every other case a failure in a mechanical attempt is always attributable to some mistake, either in making the attempt when it was needless to do so or in miscalculating the disposable means for insuring success. Mistake, however, does not necessarily imply blame, for the error committed may have been one against which no existing experience was sufficient to supply a warning.

If we compare the mishap to the *Northumberland* with the troubles of the *Great Eastern*, or the disasters to the Atlantic telegraph, we shall find very considerable distinctions. The telegraph project was one known to involve vast uncertainties and dangers, and those who projected it were aware that they were commencing an enterprise in which it was by no means certain that success could be achieved until after the lapse of repeated failures. They failed again and again, and each time they learned to eliminate some previously unsuspected risks. Whether their experience, or their wisdom in applying it, is yet perfected we must wait for another trial to determine; but though some may have thought that the best possible means were not always used, no one has assumed that failure in itself was a reproach to the managers of the undertaking. Something of the same kind may be said of the affair of the *Great Eastern*. It was not absolutely essential to shove her sideways into the water, but if she was to be built in the yard devoted to the purpose there was no choice, and the sanguine calculations which the event did not justify were at any rate not contradicted by any previous experience. It would have been difficult, though not perhaps impossible, either to have avoided the dangers or to have devised (with the knowledge then available) any better means of counteracting them. Can the same be said of the unfortunate miscalculation in the case of the *Northumberland*? Certainly not in the same degree. In the first place, the enlarged experience of the present day had taught engineers that, when very enormous weights were dealt with, their calculations as to friction were liable to be at fault. The pressure of so unusual a weight as 8,000 tons upon the ways necessarily imported a measure of uncertainty into the experiment of the launch. There was first the risk, if the ways were too steep, that the ship might break away and wreck herself as she plunged into the river. There was the danger that has actually occurred, of her sticking fast if the slope were too gradual. Between these two perils a choice had to be made of the inclination to be given, and though no one may have been to blame for it, a mistake undoubtedly was committed in making it too slight. It is of course conceivable that no amount of previous knowledge and skill could have steered exactly between the two opposing chances; but, if this were so, it is clear that nothing but absolute necessity could justify the risking of a magnificent ship upon such a venture. Now no necessity of the kind existed. The ship was attempted to be launched with a dead weight of 8,000 tons, for no imaginable reason except to save some comparatively trifling expense, or perhaps to exhibit a supposed mastery over a problem which had not been satisfactorily solved. It is scarcely too much to say that, if the *Northumberland* had been sent down the slips without any armour-plating, or other unnecessary weight upon her, no difficulty would have been experienced. We may go even further, and say that, even apart from the risk of such an untoward event as has happened, nothing could justify the plating of the vessel on the stocks where she was built. The mischief done to ships of this character by such a course is well known to the Admiralty, and has been exemplified by the case of the *Mindaur*. If an armoured ship is meant to steer safely, it should be an inflexible rule that she should be moved from her original position before the plates are riveted. In no other way can the most embarrassing disturbances of the compass-needle be avoided; and, if the Admiralty in their contract had insisted on this important condition, they would incidentally have saved the builders of the ship from the serious risk and loss to which the unsuccessful launch has exposed them. Even if the experiment of launching the ship with all her weights on had involved no risk whatever, it never ought to have been tried.

As a warning against a repetition of the same error, we have thought it right to dwell thus far upon the past; but it is a pleasanter task to look forward, as we think we may do with somewhat of hope, to the result of the efforts now being made to retrieve the disaster. No lack of vigour has been shown in the two attempts which were hastily made to get her off during the last spring tides, but after another fortnight for preparation the appliances for the purpose will no doubt be greatly strengthened, and the risk of another failure much diminished. The narrowness of the space around the vessel seriously limited the application of extraneous floating power. The lighters' aid could not be brought efficiently to bear, and the lifting power of the pontoons and cranes

which were brought to aid in the work was too small to produce an adequate effect. Something, but we fear not very much, may be done before the next trial to increase the efficiency of this part of the arrangements. On the first occasion it was found that the stern perceptibly lifted, but all the forward part of the ship remained immovably jammed upon the ways. The position of the half-launched vessel, with scarcely any water under her bows at the highest tide, renders it impossible to apply any great floating power at the point where it is most wanted, and the only substitute immediately available is that of direct upward pressure, which was applied to the calculated extent of 1,000 tons without producing any perceptible effect. There is, however, but one limit to the pressure which may be brought to bear by hydraulic means, and that is the old Archimedean difficulty of finding a fulcrum. All the pressure in the world is useless if the backing yields, as it has hitherto done, before the ship; and the chief hopes of better results on the next experiment are based on the assumption that a less yielding fulcrum will be found than that which was crushed by the enormous hydraulic pressure brought to bear upon it. Something, too, may be effected by the works now going on to ease the passage of the cradle down the slope. The lifting power, if sufficient, will only overcome the first difficulty. When the ship is no longer jammed, it cannot be assumed that she will move any better than she did when she was first cut loose. Without extraneous help there is no certainty that she will not jam again, and after a start has once been given it will be very difficult to apply any considerable power for her propulsion. The hydraulic machines, of course, will cease to act after a single inch has been traversed. The battering ram is only intended to assist the first start, by the effect of vibration. Hawseers will become slack after the least movement, and the only continuous force to assist the descent of the ship is that which was supplied by teams of horses working upon powerful tackles. This cannot be very great, but it may be enough to keep the ship moving even if she should be disposed to come to rest again before her time. We have no doubt that the experience of those in whose hands the undertaking is placed will suggest every possible means of overcoming the difficulty, and we have not seen much in the suggestions so plentifully supplied by the public to lighten the arduous task. If the concussion of an explosion could be made use of without interfering with other forces at work, it is possible that it might assist in promoting the first movement; but we do not know that the resources of engineering supply any other serviceable means of imparting motion to the ship differing in kind from those already employed. The great effort now being made is to add as much as possible to the intensity of the forces brought to bear. Should another failure occur, it is possible that a slower and more costly process may have to be resorted to. Every foot of water round the ship is said to give a floating power of 500 tons, so that a very few feet more water would probably so diminish the pressure as to enable her to be moved with ease. What might be the cost of constructing a temporary dock round the ship, so as to allow of the necessary increase in the level of the water within it, we would rather not guess; but if all other methods should fail, scarcely any time, labour, or money would be too much to rescue so splendid a vessel from her present position. It may be hoped that she will yield to a less tedious and expensive process, but, however this may be, we see no reason to despair of the good ship floating sooner or later, and doing her share of the work expected from our iron-clad fleet.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, held in the Dudley Gallery at the Egyptian Hall, has now prosperously entered upon its second season. In very many respects the idea is excellent, and it has been well carried out. We venture to suggest that, as this step is altogether in the direction of liberality and enlightenment, the gentlemen who have the control of the hanging would do well to give the example of reform by introducing the plan of keeping the works of each exhibitor as nearly as possible together. We are convinced that the adoption of such a system would give satisfaction to all parties, and it seems difficult to understand how it could be an injury to any one. The only valid argument against it is that, since there exist, unfortunately, what are called "places of honour," and since these are of various degrees of importance, and are desired by artists more or less eagerly in proportion to a supposed scale of value, it would excite great jealousy to group all the works of any one artist around one of the most valued of these posts; whereas the present system of distribution in some measure neutralizes these feelings. But there ought not, in a good gallery, to be any places of honour at all, because every part of the wall ought to be equally well lighted and equally accessible. "That may be very well in theory," the practised hanger would answer us, "but in any ordinarily-shaped gallery a place in the middle of a wall will be considered better than a place near one of the corners; and, if there are several rooms, one of these rooms will gradually come to be considered as a place of more honour than some other room, or even than any other room." These artistic jealousies are, we admit, most difficult to deal with, and instances have occurred at the Royal Academy in which distinguished artists have considered themselves grievously ill-used, though their pictures were as visible as any pictures there; the only ground of grievance being that the places assigned to them

were conventionally held to be less honourable than some other places, which they accordingly coveted. Again, if an artist's works were all kept together he would often not get one of them into a good place, whereas at present he may happen to get some one performance in such a position that it may be seen. These objections, and perhaps others that we overlook, certainly deserve consideration; and yet, on the other hand, we believe that not only artists, but the study of art, would gain if the spectator were not incessantly required to pass from mind to mind every time he passed from picture to picture. And the objections, however strong, may be met by the answer that in the French *salons* the thing is done, or so nearly done that the inconvenience is there almost imperceptible.

When criticizing the Sketches and Studies of the Water-Colour Society, we endeavoured to convey to the reader a more vivid conception of the confusion we found fault with by maintaining in our notice the same disorder which reigned in the Exhibition itself. The experiment, however, is one which we cannot afford to repeat, for such want of arrangement makes an article so fragmentary as to be unreadable.

293. "La Fontaine." Philip H. Calderon, A.R.A.—This very forcible work is an experiment; it is painted in opaque water-colour on canvass, and there can be no question about the brilliance of the result. It is natural that an oil-painter like Mr. Calderon, when turning his attention to water-colour, should endeavour to make his former experience as available as possible; and his prudence has been rewarded by a success which in all likelihood is much greater than any artist habituated, as Mr. Calderon has been, to the massiveness of oil, would have attained without great practice in transparent washes. This is truly a picture, and a worthy celebration of strong and laborious womanhood. The figure, a peasant woman of Poitou, bends towards her water-jug, which is on the ground, and at the same time looks to the spectator; she is in complete shade, and strongly relieved against a lofty white wall behind her which glares in dazzling sunshine. We are inclined to believe that this wall would have cast a faint secondary shadow from the woman's feet into the shadow within which she stands. Such secondary shadows are often very clearly visible. The *cruche* is a very admirable piece of still-life painting, and the whole work, in spite of extreme simplicity, and even, in comparison with the same artist's oil pictures, approach towards crudity, is a notable and striking performance.

192. "Bored to Death." S. R. Lamont.—It has been a frequent subject of regret amongst Englishmen accustomed to Continental art, that although our own painters are fully equal to those of any other country in vivacity and variety of invention, they must be acknowledged inferior to the best French and Belgian artists in refinement. We feel grateful to Mr. Lamont for having done something, in this work, to remove this reproach from our school, and we earnestly hope that it may be sent to the Universal Exhibition of 1867. A young lady in the last century is before her embroidery frame, where she is doomed to listen to a tiresome discussion, we presume theological, between her father and the priest. The father is a dry, hard, aristocratic-looking personage, sitting at his fireside with his hands on an open book; the priest is standing with his back to the fire, and looks out of the picture. The wearied hearer has her back to both, so her face is free to express fatigue. The other two faces are excellent studies, especially that of the priest, whose quiet look of firm professional knowledge and determined professional tenacity is as good as any expression of that kind well can be; it is a face which can only belong to a priest. The hands, too, deserve mention, for every finger is an expressional study; the way the gentleman's hands rest on his book, and the way the priest's fingers hold his stick, both prove unusual care and observation. At first sight the colour of this picture may seem to lack intensity, but longer examination will reveal great beauty and skill in passages where the artist has put his strength; there is an exquisite play of hue in the back of the young lady's chair. No. 112, "Sunlight and Shade," by the same artist, deserves attention as an effect of light; and is a proof that Mr. Lamont knows the value of that too much neglected study, *chiaroscuro*.

483. "The Sea from the Land's End." Arthur Severn.—There is a doctrine in art-criticism which has had too much influence in its time, that the fine arts have no business with wild nature—only with man, or with nature as influenced and altered by man. According to this doctrine, marine painting is not under any circumstances allowable without either ships on the sea, or men, or at least men's work, upon the shore. The whole artistic interest of the universe was assumed to consist in its serving as a habitation for man, or as a field for his enterprise, or as a visible record of his life and labour. It is time to discard this doctrine, both in criticism and in art. We thank Mr. Severn for proving that the sea has in itself a majesty, independently of ships and lighthouses. Nor has he any ground for anxiety lest his picture should not be interesting enough. Everybody looks at it; it is more studied and commented upon than any marine subject in the gallery. An expanse of tumultuous water fills the picture from side to side and to the far horizon; the foreground is covered an inch or two deep with the shining sheets of retiring water from the last wave; others are coming on, and a liquid wall is just going to crash down on the wet sand; lurid sunlight escapes from a clouded sky and lights the waves, but not enough to produce glitter. The drawing of these waves is impressive, but not perfect; yet we cannot desire greater accuracy, which would have given the look of the photograph, and

deprived the work of some of that influence which it so strongly exercises over many spectators.

387. "San Pietro and Pont St. Angelo." Edward Binyon.—This is a very true effect. St. Peter's and the buildings near it come out in clear silhouette against the evening sky, and yet are so hidden by mist that, on looking through the arches of the bridge, we see nothing but a blue-grey vacancy. This co-existence of perfect clearness of outline with absolute invisibility of detail within the outline may seem false to some spectators, but it is a proof of the artist's courage in observation, and deserves applause accordingly. With right sentiment, one boat is introduced silently floating down the Tiber.

361. "A Sunset." Arthur Ditchfield.—The extremely unpretending character of this might easily lead to its being overlooked, but the truth is that it is one of the best things in the room. A little streamlet runs through a field, and a calf is awkwardly getting over the ground as fast as it can. There are some trees against the sky, which are neither graceful nor majestic; yet how the whole scene touches us! Everything is so very right in its own way, and so much better than if it were more majestic after some way not altogether its own.

85. "The Tapestry Chamber." Adelaide Claxton.—Miss Claxton must be congratulated on having so clearly expressed her intention. A lady is sitting at her toilet in an old tapestried bed-chamber; it is after dark, and four ghosts, of whose presence she is not aware, are amusing themselves by examining her and her belongings, one of them being especially interested in a pair of satin shoes. It follows, from this curiosity as to matters of dress, that these ghosts are of the feminine gender. We never had the advantage of seeing a real ghost, and so speak with diffidence as to the fidelity of this representation; but Miss Claxton has made her pale visitants very ghastly and semi-transparent, as well as very active and lively in their movements. They are neatly dressed, too, in garments of this world's fashion, if rather out of date, and not in sheets or shrouds. The characteristic of this work is cleverness, and the painter has hit her mark. Some difficult passages of colour prove considerable technical skill.

86. "Notre Dame, Paris." Arthur Severn.—Mr. Severn has overshot his aim in the endeavour to give the full brilliance of a sunset on the cathedral towers, and his mistake has been to forget that differences of local colour still remain, even when coloured light modifies every tone. In this drawing the old towers take very much the same tint as the buildings at their base, and the colouring is crude, whereas all old cathedrals take a mellow tone in fiery light. The water of the Seine is skilfully painted, and truly gives the gleaming of a river.

46. "A Sunny Afternoon." Henry Moore.—A very fresh-looking, bright landscape. The mountains are nicely drawn, and the sky, pure blue with white cirrostratus, is careful and brilliant. The foreground is pretty, but the picture as a whole would have been more valuable if this foreground had not been cut up into so many attractive bits of light and colour. Few artists understand that, when brilliant things are scattered all over a work, they distract attention and weaken effect.

27. "Aspen Trees in Autumn." Albert Goodwin.—This is one of the most remarkable works in the room. It is a thoroughly careful study of autumnal colour, great attention being evidently at the same time paid to form, and to light and shade. So earnest an endeavour to unite the three great qualities of good painting is seldom met with. And the best of it is that on all three points the artist has succeeded. The trees are most gracefully drawn, the colour is very true, and the arrangement of light and shade so telling that the work would engrave well.

38. "Isabella." Juliana Russell.—Yet another illustration of that dreadful story, the Pot of Basil. The expression of grief is very natural, the eyelids are swollen with weeping, and the attitude is evidently remembered from life. There is some skill too in the painting, but the stained-glass window casts no light; it looks like a design for a window, not a drawing of one.

5. "At Morning's Prime." Walter Field.—This drawing deserves mention for its true and pleasant tone. Mr. Field has chosen one of the few effects which art can adequately render, and has given us an interpretation which may fairly be compared with the quiet morning scenes of the best old painters. Good tone deserves all the warmer commendation that the pursuit of bright colours has made it rare in these days.

8. "The Hillside, Derbyshire." Henry Birtles.—No doubt this kind of work is popular, for it seems to appeal to common knowledge of nature, but it is not really good work. The green, for instance, is hard, and like stiff spikes of some bright green material unknown; natural grass is soft and transparent. Mr. Birtles tries to paint the blades, a thing which has hardly ever been done satisfactorily; and, judging by the way Mr. Birtles evidently looks at nature, it does not seem likely that he is destined to accomplish it.

17. "Sketch of Ben Nevis—Fine weather." W. W. Fenn.—The idea of mass is well given here; the mountain is evidently a solid lump of matter, but Mr. Fenn has not the delicacy of hand needed for mountain form. He may yet acquire it, however, by patient drawing, without colour; and if he will take that trouble, the new acquisition, added to the considerable skill and information he possesses already, will give him honourable rank. The spectator will be struck by the want of apparent height in this view of Ben Nevis, but we are disposed to believe that Mr. Fenn is right there. In fine weather a Scottish hill often looks low and near.

273. "Prawn-Catchers." Raymond Tucker.—No doubt Mr. Tucker has given great pains to the study of the stones in this work, and has enjoyed their various colour. It is, nevertheless, a dangerous kind of study, because an artist who looks at every stone separately is apt to forget the relations of the whole scene. Mr. Tucker can paint stones—he has quite satisfied us on that point; we now ask for a landscape. Exactly for the same reasons he can paint faces and arms, but not yet a group. He is a good representative instance of that want of comprehensiveness which is the bane of the English school.

606. "Sunset on the Thames." Albert Goodwin.—A very fine study of flaming sky, killing everything near it. Nothing in the way of effect is more difficult to give satisfactorily than illumined red; it almost always looks either too cool or too dark. This red, by subtle sacrifices, has been made to look right.

219. "Spring." E. N. Downward.—A study of sheep, and quite unusually powerful. The green field is managed in a very masterly way, and the sheep are painted without any of that weakness of sentiment and correlative inanity of execution which so often repel us from sheep pictures.

93. "Evening." Basil Bradley.—There is a good deal of careful observation in this work, and much feeling, but the colour is not agreeable, and it seems doubtful whether the real merits of the picture are likely to be appreciated. The attitudes of the animals have character, and gradually we take an interest in them, though repelled at first by a general look of dulness.

REVIEWS.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.*

"RELIGION, Society, Nature—such are the three struggles which man has to carry on. . . The mysterious difficulty of life springs from all the three. Man meets with hindrance in his life in the shape of superstition, in the shape of prejudice, and in the shape of element. A triple fatality (*ananké*) oppresses us, the fatality of dogmas, of laws, of things. . . With these three which thus enfold man there mingles that inner fatality, the supreme *Ananké*, the human heart." As in *Notre Dame de Paris* we saw the working of the first of these contests, and in *Les Misérables* the restless pressure of the second, in *Les Travaillleurs de la Mer* we are asked to watch man contending with external nature, and then crushed by the supreme fatality of all, the irresistible *Ananké* in the heart of man. The story which illustrates this tremendous strife has that simplicity and that perfect finish which only the powerful hand of a master can compass. A fisherman encounters all the fury and caprice and treachery of outer nature in order to win a woman whom, on his return, he finds to have, unconsciously but irreversibly, lost her heart to another. But this plainest of stories is worked into genuine tragedy by an exercise of poetic power which, in some portions at least of its display, has very rarely been surpassed in literature. We may notice here, in passing, that the English translation is a singularly indifferent performance, which gives the reader very little notion of the force of the original. The translator is constantly making downright blunders, and, when he does not blunder, is exceedingly weak. It seems the fate of illustrious Frenchmen, Emperors and Republicans alike, to meet incompetent translators in this country. It may be admitted that in the present instance the difficulties in the way of a good translation are sufficiently numerous. The book is not wholly free from what the world has agreed to consider the characteristic defects of its writer. His fondness for the display of minute knowledge of names and dates and events inflicts on the reader tedious catalogues, which are not valuable in themselves, and which interfere with the artistic effect besides. Accuracy of local colouring, too, scarcely demands those long lists of rocks and creeks in the Channel Islands which are forgotten as soon as read. And an English reader wonders how the author came to write, as he does repeatedly, *le Bug-Pipe*, when he means the Bag-pipes; or, still more amazing and impossible, *le premier de la quatrième* as French for *the Firth of Forth*—which is almost as incredible as the old story of *poitrine de caleçons* for "chest of drawers." Those, again, who cannot forgive Victor Hugo for his *staccato* style of writing, which makes each sentence come on us like a pellet shot from a gun, will find at least as much cause of offence as ever. But if there are these and other old flaws and imperfections, there is also a power, a depth, a sublimity which the author has scarcely reached before, either in his prose or his verse.

The subject is the most suitable for his own genius that he has ever chosen. When he illustrated the bitter destiny which overwhelms the social outcast, he wrote with the air of the philosopher who views life through the understanding, but he was in truth writing in the spirit of the poet who sees things through his emotions. This made *Les Misérables* a splendid and affecting picture, and gave it that air of presenting life and reality as a whole which was its most conspicuous mark. But it was felt that the sensibilities of the poet had been engaged all on one side, and that they were so strong as to sweep away all considerations of the function which society exists to discharge, and of the kind and

* *Les Travaillleurs de la Mer*. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Librairie Internationale; Lacroix, Verbeekoven, & Co. 1866.

Toilers of the Sea. Authorized English Translation. By W. Moy Thomas. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

quantity of instruments which are the only ones to her hand. Moreover, whenever anybody speaks of the irresistible weight of social laws, we feel that they are only irresistible in a sense; and, still more important, we feel that they are capable of such an amelioration by slow steps as shall leave none but bad men burdened by their prescriptions. But the Fatality of Nature is different from the so-called Fatality of Society. The forces of the merciless ocean and the winds, the inhospitable solitudes of the sea-rocks, the fierce cruelty of the sea-monsters, are what they are. By no taking thought can man mollify the tempest or mitigate the fury of the storm. He adds to the number of his devices for escaping from the ferocity of nature, but the winds rage and the waters are tossed, and the monsters seek their victims just the same. The terrors of the waves may well be called inexorable, and in them, therefore, the poet finds a more appropriate theme than was afforded by the evils of society, which for their cure or right understanding demand, not the poetic, but the scientific mind. We may discern the greater fitness of the present subject for Victor Hugo's genius in the more perfect truthfulness of the man who contends with the Fatality of Nature. Jean Valjean, who had to contend with the Fatality of Laws, was thoroughly artificial. His virtue and perseverance and patience were in a manner overdone. His character was created for a purpose, and the presence of this purpose could not be concealed. The good Bishop was just as artificial. Gilliatt, on the contrary, is very carefully and elaborately drawn, but all his traits are simple and natural. He is surrounded with no unreal halo, though he is remote enough from commonplace. "He was only a poor man, who knew how to read and write; most likely he stood on the limit which divides the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer is passive. . . . The obscurity in which his mind was wrapped consisted in pretty nearly equal parts of two elements, both dimly visible but very unlike; in his own breast ignorance, infirmity; outside himself mystery, immensity." "Solitude makes either a genius or an idiot. Gilliatt presented himself under both aspects. Sometimes he had that astonished air I have mentioned, and you might have taken him for a brute; at other moments he had in his eye a glance of indescribable profundity." A very superficial critic might say that Gilliatt is only Jean Valjean in another dress. In reality, there is only the resemblance between them that is inevitable between two characters each of whom is more or less shunned by his fellows, and each of whom is engaged in deadly struggle with one of the three forms of what the author calls Ananké. At bottom, however, they are two quite distinct conceptions. Gilliatt is the more satisfactory of the two, because to draw a man with great muscular strength, and great ingenuity and great patience of the mechanical order, is easier, and less likely to tempt the artist into what is fantastic and artificial, than the conception of a victim of a supposed social injustice which is no injustice at all. This advantage of having a simpler plot, a more natural set of circumstances, and, above all, of having nothing to prove, is conspicuous all through. It leaves the author free to work out each of his characters completely, free to paint what is the main subject of his work with an undivided energy and enthusiasm. Perhaps, though, in one way this tells against him. The stupendous force of the descriptions of Nature and her works and laws—the theme of the book—is so overpowering that the incidents of the story and the interests of the people in it seem petty by comparison. There is probably a design in this disproportion. The vastness of the unmeasured forces which labour and rage in the universe outside the minds of mortals is what the self-importance of mortals pleasingly blinds them to. It is the eye of the poet which discerns this, and through nearly every page of Victor Hugo's story we hear, as a ceaseless refrain to the loves and aspirations and toils of his good men and his knaves alike, the swirling of the sea-winds and "the far-reaching murmur of the deep."

The grandeur of the long episode of Gilliatt recovering the machinery of the steam-boat from the terrific rock may make us forget the singular power of the earlier scene at the same spot, where Sieur Clubin found himself, "in the midst of the fog and the waters, far from every human sound, left for dead, alone with the sea which was rising, and the night which was approaching, and filled with a profound joy." The analysis of this joy of the scoundrel and hypocrite at finding himself free to enjoy the fruits of his scoundrelism and to throw aside the burdensome mask of his hypocrisy, is powerful to a degree which makes one smile at the lavishness with which credit for power is so constantly given to novelists and poets. The dramatic force of the situation, the appalling mistake which the scoundrel has made, the sanguineness and shiftiness with which, like all hypocrites, he seeks to repair it, the swift and amazing vengeance which overtakes him, has perhaps never been surpassed. And the horror is not theatrical or artificial. The spot is brought vividly before us by no tricks, but by genuine imaginative power. The rock on which Clubin has, against his intention, driven the steamboat is a block of granite, brutal and hideous to behold, offering only the stern inhospitable shelter of an abyss. At its foot, far below the water, are caverns and mazes of dim passages. "Here monstrous species propagate, here they destroy one another. Crabs eat the fish and are themselves eaten. Fearful shapes, made to be seen by no human eye, roam in this dim light, living their lives. Vague outlines of open jaws, antennæ, scales, fins, claws, are there floating about, trembling, growing, decomposing, vanishing, in the sinister clearness of the wave. . . . To look into the depth of the sea is

to behold the imagination of the Unknown on its terrible side. The gulf is like night. There, too, is a slumber, a seeming slumber, of the conscience of creation. There, in full security, are accomplished the crimes of the irresponsible. There, in a baleful peace, the embryos of life, almost phantoms, altogether demons, are busy at the fell occupations of the gloom." The minute yet profoundly poetic description of the most terrible of these monsters, in a succeeding part of the book, is one which nobody who has once read it can forget, any more than the horrors of the *Inferno* of Dante can be forgotten. The picture at one extremity of the chain of existence "almost proves a Satan at the other." "Optimism, which is true for all that, almost loses countenance before it. . . . Every malignant creature, like every perverse intelligence, is a sphinx, propounding the terrible riddle, the riddle of evil." What is their law? "All created beings return one into another. *Pourriture c'est nourriture*. Frightful purifying of the globe. Man, too, carnivorous man, is a satyr. Our life is made of death. Such is the terrifying law. We are sepulchres." But we are not quite left here. "Mais tâchons que la mort nous soit progrès. Aspirons aux mondes moins ténébreux. Suivons la conscience qui nous y mène. Car, ne l'oublions jamais, le mieux n'est trouvé que par le meilleur."

It will be seen from this that Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other poets have been. Of course nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbour-bar while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea and the winds to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible side of Nature is that which has most attraction for him. Only here he seems to have been unusually insensible to the existence of her other aspect. Take the well-known picture of "The Toad" in the *Légende des Siècles*. The hideous creature is squatting in the road in a summer evening, enjoying himself after his humble fashion. Some boys pass by, and amuse themselves by digging out its eyes, striking off its limbs, making holes in it. The wretched toad tries feebly to crawl away into the ditch. Its tormentors see an ass coming on drawing a cart, so, with a scream of delight, they bethink themselves to put the toad in the rut where it will be crushed by the wheel of the cart. The ass is weary with his day's work and his burden, and sore with the blows of his master, who even then is cursing and bethwacking him. But the ass turns his gentle eye upon the rut, sees the torn and bleeding toad, and with a painful effort drags his cart off the track. The whole picture gives one a heart-ache, but the gentleness of the ass is the single touch which makes the thought of so much horror endurable. In the *Toilers of the Sea* we almost miss this single touch. Watching the sea year after year in the land of his exile, Victor Hugo has seen in it nothing but sternness and cruelty. He finds it only the representative of the relentless Fatality of Nature which man is constantly occupied in combating and wrestling with. It is so real, so tragically effective, that such a reflection as that "Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow" must seem the merest mimicry of poetic sentiment. The attitude which he has before assumed towards Society he also takes towards external Nature. To Keats Nature presented herself as a being whom even the monsters loved and followed, a goddess with white and smooth limbs, and deep breasts, teeming with fruit and oil and corn and flowers. Compared with the sensuous passion of Keats, the feeling of Wordsworth for Nature was an austere and distant reverence. He found in her little more than a storehouse of emblems for the better side of men. Victor Hugo is impressed by Nature, not as a goddess to be sensuously encased, not as some remote and pure spirit, shining cold yet benign upon men, but as man's cruel and implacable foe. Other poets have loved to make her anthropomorphic, and to invest her with the moral attributes of mortals. He holds with no such personification of Nature as a whole. Nature to him is little more than a chaos of furious and warring Forces. The prolonged and sublime description of the storm at the beginning of the third volume is what nobody but Victor Hugo could have conceived, because nobody else is so penetrated with a sense of the fierce eternal conflict which to him is all that Nature means. Take the tramp of the legion of the winds, for instance:—"In the solitudes of space they drive the great ships; without a truce, by day and by night, in every season, at the tropic and at the pole, with the deadly blast of their trumpet, sweeping through the thickets of the clouds and billows, they pursue their black chase of the ships. They have fierce hounds for their slaves. They make sport for themselves. Among the waters and the rocks they set their hounds to bark. They mould the clouds together, and they rive them in sunder. As with a million hands, they knead the boundless supple waters." The gigantic wave, again, at a later period of the storm, "which was a sum of forces, and had as it were the mien of a living being. You could almost fancy in that swelling transparent mass the growth of fins and gills. It spread itself forth, and then in fury dashed itself in pieces against the breakwater. Its monstrous shape was all ragged and torn in the rebound. There was left on the block of granite and timber the huge destruction of some portentous hydra. The surge spread ruin in its own expiring moment. The wave seemed to clutch and devour. A shudder quivered through the rock. There was a sound as of some growling monster, the froth was like the foaming mouth of a leviathan."

It has been said that the sublime picture of the storm—and the variety and movement in the picture are among its most splendid characteristics—makes us indifferent to the conclusion

of the story. The truth is, that but for this the conclusion would be absurdly weak and unintelligible. It is the long exile of Gilliatt on the fierce rock in the isolation of the sea, his appalling struggles with all the forces of nature in temporary alliance against him, which make the very gist and force of the final tragedy, the supreme Fatality. It is because we have seen him in the presence of the raging troop of the winds, and battling with the storm of waters, that we feel the weight of the blow which at last crushes him. But for this the whole story would be a piece of nonsensical sentimentality. It is this grand *spartea* which raises what might otherwise have been a mere idyl into a lofty tragedy. "Solitude had wrapped itself round him. A thousand menaces at once had been upon him with clenched hand. The wind was there, ready to blow; the sea was there, ready to roar. Impossible to gag the mouth of the wind; impossible to tear out the fangs from the jaws of the sea. Still he had striven; man as he was, he had fought hand to hand with the ocean and wrestled with the tempest." Meanwhile, the object to attain which he was waging his fearful war had been slowly removing itself from his reach, and when he returned he returned to find it irrecoverably vanished.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF BATH.*

WE fancy that the meeting of the British Association at Bath in 1864 had, as was only natural, the effect of setting a good many people to talk about, to write about, and to draw, all that was curious, whether old or new, in the city which the philosophers were to visit. Mr. Earle himself kept us waiting a little longer for the Parallel Saxon Chronicles in order that those who were coming might find ready for them at once a scientific history of the ancient, and a lively picture of the modern, city. But, till these two widely different volumes found their way to us together, we know not by what chance, no long time ago, we had no idea how many competitors Mr. Earle had in what we suppose we must look on as the work of his leisure hours. Mr. Scarth is perhaps barely a competitor. He treats at length, and in a very elaborate way, one portion of the history of Bath; while Mr. Earle dealt with the whole, and therefore treated each particular part of it in a manner which was comparatively cursory. Mr. Scarth is an antiquary of a very respectable and useful, though now somewhat antiquated, kind. He is perhaps now and then a little dry and heavy, but he is thoroughly sensible, careful, and well informed within his own province. Mr. Wright is quite another sort of person from either Mr. Earle or Mr. Scarth. He is an egregious book-maker, and that is about all. His title-page tells us that he has written the Life and Campaigns of Wellington; the Rhine, Italy, and Greece; Scenes in Wales, &c. And we believe he also wrote a Life of King George the Fourth and translated the Eton Greek Grammar into English. As might be expected, he writes in that peculiar manner which is the natural result of long experience in the art of writing badly. The style of the practised bookmaker is easily discerned; it has a vast number of little arts or tricks, which are quite foreign to the style of the real scholar or scientific man, and which are equally foreign to the style of a first attempt, whether that first attempt take the form of the artless simplicity more common in a past age or of the unabashed self-confidence more characteristic of our own. There is, in writers of this kind, a sort of calm self-satisfaction, a sort of pleasing familiarity with their readers, which is like nothing so much as a popular preacher discoursing—from the platform we mean, not from the pulpit—to the dear brethren and sisters who are ready to laugh and cry at the right places. A man who is equally at home with the campaigns of Wellington, the scenery of Greece, and the antiquities of Bath, and who amuses his lighter moments by translating the Eton Greek Grammar, must be either an universal genius or an universal hack. Mr. Scarth is quite the opposite; he is most distinctly not a universal anything; he is simply a man who has chosen a somewhat narrow field of study, but who works carefully and successfully within his own limits.

Mr. Scarth is one of that elder school of antiquaries in whose eyes Roman remains are nearly everything. We do not mean that he would go so far as the Frenchman who rejoiced at the pulling down of a grand mediæval minster because a Roman brick of a good period was turned up out of its foundations. But Mr. Scarth distinctly takes more interest in a Roman bath than in a church on the one hand or in a cromlech on the other. This school is just now being hardly jostled between the primævalists on the one side and the mediævalists on the other. The reasons for the predominance of these two latter studies are obvious. Primæval and mediæval antiquities have, each of them, a sort of fascination to which such Roman remains as we have in Britain cannot pretend. Primæval antiquities derive a charm from their mysteriousness, from our utter ignorance about them, from the way in which we have to go wholly by internal, or at least comparative, evidence, and to make each object tell its own history. They are again closely connected with various studies which have attracted paramount attention in our days—geology, palæontology, and especially the great question of the origin and antiquity of man. Mediæval antiquities, on the other hand, fall in with a variety of tastes; they do more than anything else to illustrate the history of our own nation,

and in a great number of cases, they add the charm of actual beauty into the bargain. They are in short attractive in themselves, quite irrespective of their proving anything. But Roman remains, such as we have them in Britain, strike us as mainly valuable on account of what they prove. In themselves they are, for the most part, very imperfect examples of what may be seen far more perfectly in other countries. There is no such thing in England as a great Roman building, a temple or an amphitheatre, in a state near enough to perfection for us to judge of its general effect. It is only here and there that we find even works of fortification, as distinguished from works of architecture, in such a state as really to be striking wholes. The walls of Anderida are magnificent; but their attraction is not purely Roman. They were stormed by Ælla and Cissa; they beheld the landing of the Conqueror; a mediæval castle within the Roman circuit and a mediæval church at each end of it, help to convert the spot into a sort of compendium of British history from the earliest times. Still it is highly desirable that the Roman remains should be examined, because of what the Roman remains prove. And, that they may be thoroughly examined, it is desirable that there should be people who love them for their own sake as Mr. Scarth does. It is an essential part of English history to know in what state Britain was when the English entered the island; and in finding this out Roman antiquities are our best guide. Ceawlin took Bath in 577; if we want to know what sort of a place Bath was when Ceawlin took it, Mr. Scarth is the man to tell us. No doubt by 577 the Roman buildings at Bath would be much neglected and decayed, but they are not likely to have been purposely destroyed. How much did Ceawlin destroy? Uriconium, we know, he utterly destroyed; but how did Bath, Gloucester, and Cirencester fare? Some very able antiquaries tell us that the English, in their first conquests, did not occupy the Roman towns; a theory which is perfectly true in some cases, but not in others. But it is not in the least likely that our forefathers would in any case admire, respect, and carefully preserve, the Roman buildings, as was done in Italy by those malignant Goths whom ignorance charges with destroying them. If Bath contained either basilicas turned into churches, or churches built specially as such, they would be buildings in which Ceawlin would see no use or value. What was not destroyed would be left to perish. And as Christianity came in and civilization increased, the ancient buildings would run a fair chance of being used as quarries for new ones. At St. Alban's, Leicester, and other places, mediæval buildings were actually built out of the materials of the Roman buildings. But can Mr. Scarth explain to us one thing? In most of these cases it is merely the bricks which are used up again; to find an ornamental fragment, a pillar for instance, used up again is the rarest thing in the world. In Southern Europe nothing is more common. Are we to infer that the destroying energy of our forefathers, after storming Anderida or Aquæ Solis, left nothing remaining except the massive walls which it was too much trouble to destroy? Surely, if Verulam had retained any stock of Roman columns in the eleventh century, the Abbots would have been glad to use them up a second time, instead of building their gigantic minster out of masses of Roman brick-work without relief of any kind.

Some remarks of Mr. Scarth's own quite fall in with this view. The Roman Baths at Bath were found under the monastic buildings attached to the Cathedral:—

Dr. Sutherland states that stone coffins, and bones of various animals, and other things were discovered, which moved curiosity to search still deeper, and the old Roman sewer was at last found, the water drained off. Foundations of regular buildings were also clearly traced.

The finding of Stone Coffins upon the site of the Roman Baths gives the idea that the Baths must have been destroyed at an early period, and that it was by violence rather than the hand of time. No doubt they were standing when the Romans left the Island, about A.D. 425, but betwixt then and the Norman Conquest, the superstructure had been wholly removed, and a portion of the site used as a burial place. It is not improbable that the materials of the Roman Baths were used to build the Saxon Monastery and the Church that accompanied it, and are now buried under the foundations of the noble Abbey Church.

If so, Ceawlin must have destroyed Bath, and the site must have been occupied again at some point between his time and that of Offa. Mr. Scarth remarks elsewhere, speaking of the destruction of the Roman villas:—

The superstructure of these Villas is a subject which has caused much perplexity; and antiquaries are not decided as to whether the upper portions were constructed of stone or wood. I am inclined to think that wood must have furnished the materials of the upper portions, and that the stone walls were only carried to a certain height above the ground floors. The remains seem to indicate that they were hastily plundered and then set fire to, and that the roofs and timbers fell in upon the floors, which are often found indented and covered with burnt matter and roofing tiles. After remaining in this condition, it may be for centuries, the portions of the walls still standing were afterwards used as quarries, when stone was needed for other buildings or to make enclosures. The Saxon population left them in ruins; the Norman and Mediæval inhabitants used them as materials; and thus little is left to our time except the foundations, and that which lies buried under their debris.

Mr. Scarth seems to have gone with religious care through every fragment to be found at Bath, giving most copious illustrations of everything. When one turns over his pages, or when one sees the remains in the local museum, we at once perceive what a mine of wealth of this sort we are treading on. But it is all remains and fragments—altars, inscriptions, pavements, pieces of sculpture; strictly architectural objects, capitals and the like, form a very small portion. And in the general aspect of the city, there is absolutely nothing to make one suspect its antiquity. The mediæval walls followed the line of the Roman

* *Aquæ Solis; or, Notices of Roman Bath.* By the Rev. H. M. Scarth, M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1864.
The Historic Guide to Bath. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. Bath: Peach. 1864.

walls, but of the mediæval walls themselves very small traces remain. There is nothing like the Roman gate at Lincoln, nothing like the Jewry wall at Leicester. That the temples and the forum have utterly vanished we need not say; the only question is, which of them occupied the site of the Abbey Church. In fact "the old borough Acemannescester, which in other words men Bath name," is, in its general effect, one of the newest looking cities in England. So far from being Roman, it is not even mediæval. Its single antiquity is the smallest and most recent of English cathedrals, in which a single Norman window alone tells of earlier times. Yet what treasures of antiquity and of history lurk below!

Mr. Wright is, as we have said, quite a different sort of person from Mr. Scarth; there is between them simply all the difference between a hack book-maker and a man whose studies are a labour of love. At the same time we must remember that Mr. Wright's book and Mr. Earle's appeared so nearly about the same time that we at least cannot reproach Mr. Wright with having shut his eyes to the newest lights on his own subject. When we remember that even Mr. Earle got puzzled about *Badiza*, we feel just one little twinge of mercy; otherwise what can we say to the following amazing collection of blunders, which we have no doubt have already won for Mr. Wright at the hands of the captains and old ladies of Bath the reputation of a man of prodigious learning.

"Besides the names similar in purport, the Saxons used *Caer-Badon* [very remarkable that the "Saxons" should talk Welsh] and *Hæc Baden* [a no less remarkable piece of "Saxon"] *Acemannescester* [in our book it is *Acemannescester*] (city of the sick man) [even the Rector of Sprotburgh knows better than that]; Florence of Westminster [he is generally thought to have lived at Worcester] writes *Ackmanni Civitas* [it is *Civitas Acemanni* in the Historical Society's edition]; Stephanus [of Byzantium seemingly, whom Mr. Wright seems to place after Florence] *Badiza* [which has nothing whatever to do with Bath, but is a town of Southern Italy]; the modern Latins [beginning with William of Malmesbury, who is not so much more modern than Florence] *Bathonia*, and moderns, of all countries [did Mr. Wright expect Bath to have a special name in Turkish or Chinese?], *Bath*. By the interchange of the dental letters *t* and *d*, these names become closely assimilated [*Badiza* and *Acemannescester* for instance], and, perhaps, simply mean a deeply-embosomed, basin-shaped valley, *βαθός* [we have here reached the lowest bathos of etymology, and we have hardly strength left to remark that, if Gloucestershire was colonized by Jews, Somersetshire was clearly, according to Mr. Wright, colonized by Greeks]. From the same noun [we should have said from the cognate adjective] is derived *Vathi* or *Bathi*, the capital of Ithaca, which is seated on a basin-shaped bay [and the likeness of name is no doubt owing to the fact that Odysseus in his wanderings entered Britain, founded Bath, planted there his Circes and Calypsoes in all their charms, and left behind him the use of the Greek language to be interpreted by Mr. Wright in later ages through the medium of the vulgar tongue].

We are specially tickled with the bit about the dental letters. Mr. Wright has clearly heard of Grimm's Law, which is something in his favour, though he has not mastered it so far as to know that an English cognate of the Greek *βαθός* would necessarily take the shape of *BAD*. Moreover, while making his list, why not add *Batha*, which is found in that modern Latin, Simeon of Durham, and why not quote the sounding hexameters of Fabius Patricius Quæstor Æthelwardus, which we hope Mr. Wright can scan and construe, as we cannot?—

Fungitur interea regno post anax in arce,
Kimannis castrum a prisca jam nomine dicta,
Nec Bathum ab aliis non pro ferentibus undis,
Costipentidies fuerat quam quondam honore
Bradifonus Domino Moyeses sacrarat amore.
Advenit et populus pariter, sine nomine turme,
Quin etiam ferro syncepit rasi corona.

Yet, with all this, Mr. Wright professes to quote Dr. Guest, and he has heard of lake-dwellings in Switzerland. However, he believes in Bladud, whose name, "in the Saxon tongue," means a shepherd. Also he quotes a writer called "Ptolemy Ægyptus," who lived in the year 70, and he places the reign of Theodosius [he can hardly mean Theodosius the Younger] "sometime in the fifth century." David Hume is "the ablest, but most incredulous of English historians." Edgar began to reign in 950. "Alaric the Goth, surnamed 'the Scourge of Rome,' gave full employment to the legions of Ætius." Claudian somehow fell into the mistake of thinking it was to those of Stilicho. "The Saxons in the year 493, under their leader Ella, and his three sons, effected a landing and formally laid siege to the City of Bath"—a most remarkable feat for a prince who was just then engaged in hard fighting in Sussex.

Arriving at the Abbey Church, Mr. Wright finds the east end "a heterogeneous composition" which he wishes to "bring into greater harmony with the original, exquisite, Tudor design." By some extraordinary adaptation of means to ends, this harmony is to be obtained by throwing out—we beg pardon, "projecting" a semicircular apse. Some pages after, however, we are to have a "five-light apse." These things are beyond us.

We will end with Mr. Wright's meditations among the Tombs in the Abbey Church:—

If praise be pardonable, it is when the remembrance is all that survives. All nations raised and revered tombs; at first, barrows, such as that of Achilles, then mausolea, or pyramids, vases, and votive altars, and tablets, with or without sculptured effigies. No apology, therefore, is requisite for the great number of memorials displayed in Bath Abbey, the chief

temple of a city which is the resting-place of the aged, the retreat of the infirm. Epitaphs, however, are more exposed to criticism than the graven brass, or sculptured marble, although the sagacious Thucydides has preserved some elegiac lines, and imitative Rome partially adopted the practice.

We have only to add that, if we set out with barrows, we seem likely to come back to them, if not in the case of men, at least in that of beasts. All cattle dying or killed on account of cattle plague must be buried under at least six feet of earth. It may often happen that to bury six feet below the surface will be impossible. Nothing therefore will remain but to raise a tump over the beast to the possible perplexity of unborn antiquaries.

ON THE CAM.*

THIS book is a reprint of twelve lectures delivered at Boston in the beginning of 1864, and first published in America. It professes to give a systematic description of University life at Cambridge, as seen from an undergraduate's point of view. Before speaking of the substantial merits of the description, we may at once acknowledge the kindness of the spirit in which it is written. Mr. Everett speaks with affection, and often with genuine enthusiasm, of his old University. Though writing at a time when the disposition to speak evil of England and all things English was at its highest point, he never uses an expression which can offend the patriotism of an English reader. He takes, indeed, a pleasure in dwelling upon the filial relation of the American Cambridge to its namesake, which, we fear, might be in some degree damped if he could have foreseen the recent decision against an American lectureship. That decision was apparently dictated by the fear that any member of the American University would infallibly bear with him the seeds of democracy and irreligion—if, indeed, it was not founded upon a more reasonable dislike to the general principle of such lectureships. If Mr. Everett could be taken as a fair example of the lecturers whom we might expect, we should anticipate no greater shock to the feelings of his audience than such as they would receive from a too indiscriminating eulogy. He of course indulges in some of those little ebullitions of national vanity from which no American book, and especially no book intended to compare English with American institutions, can be wholly free. But in many points he expresses a strong preference for the English system, and even where he condemns us he carefully qualifies his judgments, and finds many apologies for our shortcomings. Most men, indeed, feel a strong affection for the place in which they have spent the period of life generally devoted to University studies. A great many abuses are required to make a man unhappy between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, and he will probably attribute even an undue share of his happiness to the surrounding circumstances which he enjoyed, instead of to his power of enjoyment. A University must, therefore, be unusually bad before it is condemned too roughly by its own students. Still it is pleasant to find an American so carried away by this natural partiality as entirely to sink his national prejudices. We are, for example, gratified by an account of sizzars in which Mr. Everett talks common sense. He tells us that any unpleasantness in their social relations does not arise from the superciliousness of the more wealthy, but from the sensitiveness of the poorer students, who are apt to fancy a slight when none is intended; and he does not once remind us that, according to the Declaration of Independence, all men are by nature equal.

Acknowledging fully this excellence in Mr. Everett's lectures, we cannot add that they seem to us to be well suited for English publication. The substance of the information which he communicates is tolerably familiar to most readers on this side of the Atlantic, though he occasionally descends into minute particulars which we should have supposed to be scarcely intelligible, and not very interesting, on the other side. There is a certain attraction about the small details of University life for which we find it rather hard to account. People like to be told how an undergraduate has his bread and butter brought to him in the morning, what is the cut of his gown and the colour of his boating cap, what penalties he will suffer for non-attendance on lecture, and so forth. They enjoy, in short, the kind of information about undergraduates which Jenkins supplies about the aristocracy, and revel in an account of a wine-party as much as in the description of a marriage in high life. This mysterious passion appears to exist in America as well as in England. Unfortunately, if we may believe Mr. Everett, the means of gratifying it are there exceedingly small. Mr. Bristed, indeed, a good many years ago, published a very amusing book called *Five Years in an English University*, which was in many respects an excellent account of Cambridge life; but it is now out of print. Americans, we are sorry to hear, derive their impressions of English Universities chiefly from *Verdant Green*, which is supposed to be a guide-book published by authority, and which, as we need hardly say, is in fact as weak a caricature as has often been put together. They believe, as Mr. Everett further informs us, that there is in England "a college or university, the terms being used interchangeably, situated at Oxford, to which the name of Cambridge is occasionally applied"; they further hold that "boating is practised, the least bit inferior to ours; that the Articles of the Church of England are frequently signed by all the members of this college; and that it is infested by a swarm of things called Lords, who make the necks of other students their habitual

* *On the Cam.* By W. Everett, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: S. O. Beeton. 1866.

promenade." This being not a caricature, as Mr. Everett assures us, but "a fair exposition of the opinion held by the majority of Americans," he is certainly justified in endeavouring to supplant it by some more definite information. He accordingly treats his readers to a good deal of matter which may be described as solution of Cambridge Calendar, with an infusion of guide-book. He describes, for example, the arrangements of the mathematical tripos; he gives a description of the Senate-house; tells how men meet there in their academical dress of cap and gown; how, "as the hands of the great University clock on the church outside are seen to approach nine, an examiner takes his station at the head of each of eight lines of table, with a pile of printed examination papers," and so on. He gives a description of each of the College buildings, observes that Clare College is one of the most ancient, but that its buildings are a very choice specimen of the architecture of Inigo Jones's time; or tells us that the first court of Queen's College is a fine specimen of the architecture of the Renaissance, and that its chapel is filled with curious monumental brasses—all which recalls unpleasant recollections of painful hours spent in cramming the pages of Murray. If these details were artistically wrought into a really lively picture of the place, we might be willing to refresh our memories of University life by reading them; but, in spite of the assertions of a rather obtrusive editor, who has no real editing to do, and who is therefore always breaking out in notes like an over-zealous Chorus, the picture seems to us to be laboured without being lifelike. Certain other topics introduced, apparently as a relief to these details, are scarcely at all relevant. Thus we have a list of the great men whom Cambridge has produced, with a short sketch of their merits, reading suspiciously like a series of fragments from prize essays. Two lectures are devoted to this enumeration, the nature of which may be inferred from the circumstance that Mr. Everett finds it "impossible, whilst we are extolling Bacon to the skies, to avoid some notice of his political character." Accordingly he proves, in a rhetorical paragraph or two, that Bacon ought not to have taken bribes; which may be true, but has not much to do with Cambridge. This is a specimen of a fault which may possibly be attributed to Mr. Everett's nationality, but which is more probably due to the common weakness of youthful writers. He cannot resist the temptation of breaking out, especially towards the end of his lectures, into little set passages of fine writing, as to the "melodious ripple that murmurs evermore along the Titanic waves of Homer"; or, as to how "the armour on her (the University's) Amazonian limbs is bright with gold and jewels and sheeny steel, and plays and glances with every movement in her frame," the result of which, and a good deal more, is very unpleasant for the alien hosts of Falsehood. At another place he indulges in a rather startling metaphor, considering the mathematical influences of Cambridge. Sir Walter Mildmay, he tells us, had learnt from his Euclid that a limited straight line might be produced in a straight line in any direction, from which he inferred that north and south would lead to heaven, as well as east and west. This would be a singularly convenient property of straight lines. Mr. Everett has, further, a rather quaint practice of ending his lectures by original pieces of poetry; a plan which is so far preferable to ending them with a purple patch, that you can see when it is coming.

If we remove from Mr. Everett's lectures all that is uninteresting in England and all that must be superfluous anywhere, there remains a certain quantity of matter which is of real interest. It is always pleasant to see ourselves as others see us, especially when they look at us through rose-coloured spectacles. We know that we are possessed of pretty nearly every virtue under heaven; but we nevertheless like to hear which are the particular virtues that make the strongest impression upon our friends. If less agreeable, it is still more important to know what faults they find in us, for it is strange if their blame does not bring out some unfamiliar aspects of our character. Mr. Everett's praise is, as we have said, pretty lavishly distributed. He scarcely mentions any names except in terms of warm admiration. He praises the professors and the tutors; he praises the architecture of the colleges; he praises the Church of England, though himself a Unitarian; and he praises the mathematical studies, though evidently no mathematician. The particular line of eulogy which strikes us as most novel is on the good feeling which exists amongst students at Cambridge as compared with those at an American college. "In England," he says, "the division into sets and cliques is much sharper than among young men here, but the jealousy and ill-feeling far less." He wishes to see introduced into Harvard "the noble generosity of feeling so universal in England, which trusts each college associate to choose that course which is to himself most useful and honourable"; and he declares, with an emphasis which rather surprises us, that the keen competition of Cambridge undergraduates does not generate ill feeling, and that a man with no taste for study does not think it necessary to ridicule more serious scholars, or to stigmatize them by the name of "digs or prigs"—a negative piece of praise which we believe to be quite deserved. The qualities thus warmly commended have a certain connection with those which he condemns. There are three faults upon which he especially insists. Cambridge, he says, is too much under the supremacy of custom; it is too expensive; and there is too little encouragement for the man of second-rate abilities. There is some truth in each of these complaints. By the first of them he means to attack, not the adherence to old studies or to ancient statutes or to old ways of thought, but the slavery to bedmakers, gyps, shoeblacks, and college servants, to which he

seems to have submitted with extreme unwillingness. He speaks with absolute bitterness of the depredations committed upon him by his bedmaker, and describes a respectable college official as Mephistopheles. The existence of this evil is undeniable, though Mr. Everett seems to exaggerate its importance. There is no place so favourable to the growth of vested interests, and the imperceptible conversion of abuses into sacred traditions, as a corporation of which all the governing members are rapidly changed. The servants, by outliving successive generations of Fellows, became masters of the situation. As to the complaint of the expense of the education, it is enough to say, as Mr. Everett says, that it is fixed more by the habits of the class from which undergraduates are derived than from any University regulations. The want of encouragement to inferior men follows from the Cambridge theory of education, which consists in offering rewards for the winners in a competition much more than in superintending the system of instruction.

The truth is that Mr. Everett's criticisms refer to different aspects of a highly complicated and artificial system, which is nevertheless consolidated into a tolerably homogeneous whole. The animating principle of Cambridge consists in the strong college spirit; the education conferred is rather an indirect result of the competition of these powerful bodies than a system deliberately planned by the University authorities. The social life which Mr. Everett found, and which every undergraduate finds, so pleasant, is a natural result of the familiar terms upon which members of a college are brought into contact; the expense of the education follows from the common style of living which they almost necessarily adopt; the inferior men are neglected because the one great stimulus to study consists of admission into the ruling body of the college, which is only within the reach of the ablest men; and bedmaker tyranny is a form of government which naturally grows up under the shadow of ancient foundations. It would be very difficult to eradicate any of these evils without cutting very deeply into the most essential parts of the University system, which is only another proof of the intricate connections which exist between the various parts of an old English institution. You strike upon what seems a superficial anomaly, and find that to remove it you must unravel a whole network of complicated relations. It would have been easy for Mr. Everett to have found other more or less eccentric results of the English University system, which would have given him opportunity for ridicule or denunciation; and, although we cannot conscientiously recommend his book to English readers, we are grateful for the good feeling and good sense which have led him to avoid any serious misrepresentation.

NAVAL TACTICS.*

IN reviewing lately Mr. Yonge's history of the naval exploits of England in the last century, occasion arose to compare his account of Rodney's victory with the description of the same battle given by Commander Ward, of the United States Navy, in a work on naval tactics published a few years ago. It may perhaps be interesting to furnish from Commander Ward's book a few professional details of this and some other celebrated operations of maritime warfare, so as either to supplement or correct the more general conceptions for which we are indebted to Mr. Yonge.

Commander Ward commences his account of Rodney's battle thus:—

The fleets, not far apart, neither having the wind, each in line of battle, ran with the wind abeam on opposite tacks for the other—the English taking the lee, engaging with their weather guns, the French the reverse.

In the mere exchange of fire by two fleets whilst passing in this manner, it is not easy, says our author, to see how serious damage can be reasonably expected; for, supposing each to sail, wind abeam, with a speed of five knots, the rate of passing is ten knots, or 60,000 feet per hour, or about the length of a ship in ten seconds of time. Consequently, taking into account the delay of discharge after pointing a gun, and the time of flight of a ball, many shot aimed at the mainmasts, by antagonist ships thus mutually passing at the distance of 500 or 600 yards, would miss the hulls altogether. And supposing the intervals between the ships in line to be one cable's length (or 720 feet), a gun discharged at any one of them must be reloaded and ready for discharge in less than three-quarters of a minute, in order to hit the next ship in passing. Generally speaking, therefore, any given gun would probably get a shot at no more than every alternate ship. The two fleets having approached in the manner described, both admirals being in the centre, the leading ships exchanged broadsides, first with each other, and then in succession with the remainder. So also each other ship, as it came successively into action, exchanged fire with every ship of the opposite line, so far as it went on its passage from the van towards the rear. When the centres of the fleets, in thus passing in parallel lines, had come about opposite to one another, Rodney, observing an opening ahead of the French admiral, without premeditation luffed across his bow, leading directly through the French line, "and was followed by all the captains astern," who immediately manned the lee batteries, now brought to bear, while the French were thrown into confusion,

* *A Manual of Naval Tactics: together with a Brief Critical Analysis of the Principal Modern Naval Battles.* By James H. Ward, Commander U.S.N. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

and proved unable to return the British fire. According to our author, this celebrated manoeuvre of breaking the line was not only not premeditated by the admiral, but it is even asserted that the order "to luff" was given by the captain of the ship (who was, we believe, Lord Northesk), countermanded by the admiral, and reiterated by the captain, "and pending the dispute, the ship having been brought by the wind in obedience to the first order, she went through." As the English admiral luffed, he crossed the bow of the French admiral, who kept off to avoid collision. The author considers that the French admiral ought to have luffed, so as to have regained his original course, in which case it might have been said that he had broken our line quite as much as we had broken his. But the French admiral "most unwisely, ruinously bore up"—that is, he put himself before the wind with the rearmost half of his fleet, while the leading half held on its original course on the port tack with the wind abeam. Perceiving this, the English rear steered off in a parallel course before the wind; the English van wore round, and thus the French retreat was placed between two fires. In order to make this account intelligible, it will be well to draw a diagram. Suppose the wind to come from the top of the paper used. Draw a line across the paper from left to right perpendicularly to the direction of the wind. This line will represent the French fleet on the port tack. Draw another line from right to left parallel to the first line, and beneath it. This line will represent the English fleet to leeward of the French fleet, and on the starboard tack. After the breaking of the French line, if the rearmost half of each fleet had regained its original course, each fleet would have formed a double instead of a single line, and after some interchange of fire might have held on its course out of action. If the rearmost ships of the French line had been placed, to some extent, between two fires, so also, to the same extent, would have been the rearmost ships of the English line. But the French admiral "bore up," that is, he sailed in a direction which will be represented by a line drawn down the paper in the direction of the wind. He was followed by half his fleet, while the other half sailed away in its original direction. The English rear, as has been stated, steered off on a course parallel to the French admiral, before the wind, while the English van wore round. The two divisions of the English after these movements will be properly represented by two parallel lines, one on either side of that which represents the half of the French fleet which followed its admiral. "The French van came very tardily and ineffectually to render aid after the retreat began"; but if it had borne up together it might have engaged closely with the English rear and drawn its attention from the French admiral, leaving him to contend only with the English van. If the French van had borne up as here suggested, its course would be represented by a fourth line, parallel to the three lines already drawn. Commander Ward, after completing his description of the battle, attributes the defeat of the French, not so much to the English tactics as to their own "impaired morale, produced by the long-continued policy of avoiding action." He praises the good arrangements and well-trained condition of the English ships, and the coolness and readiness of resource of their commanders, as proved by the prompt and seamanlike manner in which the unexpected incidents of this battle were met and improved to the best advantage.

If we turn now to Mr. Yonge's account of the same battle, we shall find between the two authors discrepancies which may well cause despair of arriving at certainty as to the details of any battle that was ever fought. Mr. Yonge begins by telling us that at daybreak "Rodney had gained the wind of his antagonist, and with it the power of bringing him to instant action." Commander Ward has told us that neither fleet had the wind, and, in the next line, that the French passed to windward of the English. If the American writer does not contradict himself, he certainly does contradict Mr. Yonge, who goes on to say that the English fleet "bore down in a compact line of battle"; whereas Commander Ward says that the English fleet engaged with the wind abeam, and to leeward of the French fleet. It is to be observed, however, that Mr. Yonge mentions that the wind shifted some points about noon, which important circumstance is not mentioned by Commander Ward. After stating that Rodney caused his flagship to be steered for the opening in the French line, and that he was followed by the whole of his centre division, Mr. Yonge proceeds:—

"The enemy's line was pierced and irretrievably broken, and Rodney crowned the operation by causing the ships that had thus passed through the French line to wear all together, thus doubling on the French division which they had cut off, and placing it between two fires."

It is true that the enemy's line was pierced, and the disorder thus produced was not retrieved; but whether or not it was irretrievable would, as Commander Ward might say, "depend some" on the character of that enemy. We object, however, to the above passage on the more serious ground that, while affecting to use accurate language, it fails to convey a correct idea of what took place. Commander Ward tells us that the English ships luffed to pass through the French line. Having passed through it, they had only to "keep off" in order to resume their original direction, which would take them parallel to the French rear, and to windward of it. The English van being at the same time parallel to the French rear to leeward, the French division was doubled upon and placed between two fires. Afterwards, when the French admiral "bore up" to escape, it may be true that one of Rodney's divisions "wore all together," so as to gain a direction parallel to that in which the French and the other English division were

now sailing. It would be no reproach to a naval history intended for popular use that it did not use technical terms, but such terms ought, if used at all, to be used accurately, and not in the vague way in which they are used by naval heroes on the transport stage.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of Commander Ward's book is his description of the manoeuvres of Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards Lord Hood, at St. Christopher's early in 1782, before Rodney returned from England. It is said that Nelson borrowed from Hood the idea of attack which gained the battle of the Nile, and at any rate Nelson's tactics may be better understood by observing Hood's. The French admiral, De Grasse, with a fleet of thirty-three sail of the line, was at anchor in the roadstead of Basseterre, "having both flanks exposed to an approach with comparative impunity, as well as to be doubled by the enemy." The French fleet was anchored in a single line, well in towards the shore, and riding to the north-east trade-wind. In this position there were no means of preventing the assemblage of an enemy's whole force upon the head of the French line, throwing its rear entirely out of action. Sir Samuel Hood, with only twenty-two ships of the line, perceiving the disadvantage of the enemy's position, stood in to attack exclusively the head or windward extremity of his line, whereupon De Grasse slipped at once and stood to sea. Hood immediately occupied the vacant roadstead, and showed how to make the best of it. He anchored his fleet further out than the French had lain, and on the extreme verge of the holding-ground, and with the headmost ship near to a point of land, which thus protected the weather extremity of the line. For protection of the lee extremity some ships were anchored so as to rake an approaching enemy, who must necessarily have advanced slowly against the wind. Observing the English anchored, the French returned, with the intention of driving Hood away as he had driven them. They led in to attack on the same course as he had taken. But they found no room to pass ahead and within his van. They could not anchor anywhere outside his line, because he was on the edge of the ground. No impression could be made on his centre by sailing along it before the wind. His rear was impregnable disposed, and the anchorage to leeward of it swept by its batteries. So De Grasse, notwithstanding his superiority in force to his opponent, was obliged to relinquish the attempt to dispossess him.

It is remarkable that Mr. Yonge, having, as may be supposed, access to the same sources of information as Commander Ward, should give an entirely different account of these operations. He says that:—

"With odds of three to two in his favour, the Frenchman, the moment the British came in sight, sailed forth to encounter them in the open sea; when Hood by a series of masterly manoeuvres worked round him so completely as to occupy the anchorage which he had just quitted, and thus to place his fleet between the island and the enemy which was threatening it."

An author who aims at popularity may perhaps be allowed to use such a phrase as "a series of masterly manoeuvres" without having any distinct notion of what he means by it. It will be observed, however, that Mr. Yonge represents De Grasse as quitting his anchorage voluntarily, whereas Commander Ward tells us that Hood turned him out of it. We cannot say which of these two accounts is true, but we can say which looks most like truth. We must not part with this exploit of Hood without quoting a note added to Commander Ward's account of it, which places in the strongest light the error of the French admiral at the Nile:—

"Exposure of the weather extremity to be thus doubled is a greater error than exposure of the lee, because the lee may be succoured from to windward by slipping cables and dropping down; whereas the weather flank cannot be succoured from to leeward under sail, or without the aid of steam."

Describing the French position in Aboukir Bay, the author tells us that "the head of the line lay near an island and reef, but yet so distant from them as to admit of ships passing ahead and inside." Thirteen ships in an open roadstead, scattered along a line of two and a quarter miles, was anything but secure or compact, and was, in fact, no line for battle at all. "Nelson at a glance saw this." The question was whether, at that late hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, to stand in for attack with the regular sea-breeze, with the possibility of not being in position before dark, and the certainty of a night action, or to wait until next day, when the enemy would have recovered from his surprise, and might have closed his line, strengthened his flanks, and sprung his broadsides on the track of probable approach. Even Nelson hesitated for a moment before determining to enter, at so late an hour, a strange roadstead "without previous reconnaissance, necessarily, if at all, at a dash under a press of sail, with the horrors of the night which actually ensued pictured to his fertile mind." The author has not overlooked the advantage of Nelson's arrangement for anchoring his ships to engage, which may be shortly described as dropping a stern anchor from the bow. He also points out how the English ships suffered little damage in their approach, "because, with no springs on their cables, and tailing in somewhat towards the shore by riding to the sea-breeze, only the forward division of a few of the French ships bore on the English."

We might, perhaps, differ with Commander Ward in his estimate of the exploits of his own countrymen upon the Lakes in their struggle with England in 1812-14; but adverse criticism would be ungracious on our part towards an American writer who has largely bestowed upon our navy discerning, and therefore valuable, praise.

PHYSIOGNOMY.*

"GIVE me a man with plenty of nose!" said Sir Charles Napier. As the Napiers in general were by no means deficient in plentifulness of nose, this view of the brilliant soldier may be taken, not only as the enunciation of a theory, but as a contribution towards the glories of the whole family of Napiers. However, it is undeniable that the family were really distinguished for that peculiar character of mind which is supposed to be usually accompanied by this "plenty of nose." And there really must be something, one would suppose, in a notion illustrated by such striking examples as those furnished by the profiles of Julius Caesar, William Pitt, Samuel Johnson, Robert Peel, "the great Duke," Sir George Lewis, and the heroic advocate of the theory himself. But, further, there are various other features in the human face divine whose contour and general structure are popularly held to be indicative of certain special peculiarities, moral and intellectual. The mouth is surely as full of expression and meaning as the nose. If the latter, when there is plenty of it, speaks of force, strength, and decision of will, it can hardly be denied that certain shapes and sizes of both upper and lower lip suggest a vast deal as to the temperament and the more emotional and animal part of our nature. Can any great man be named, who has attained a wide personal popularity, in whom the lips have been wanting in fulness and rotundity, and in that susceptibility to easy joyous movement which is so unlike the mobility of the merely irritable and nervous mouth? Is there any truth in the common belief that closely compressed and small lips may indeed be consistent with the most perfect sensibility to justice, honour, and truth, and with a thorough amiability of disposition, but that they betray a deficiency in the more cordial, jovial, and spontaneous elements in a perfectly organized type of manhood? Then, again, there is the common saying about chins, which is so ridden to death by second and third rate novel-writers that one is tempted to treat it altogether as a specimen of unmeaning cant. Nevertheless, are solidity and endurance of character often or ever found where the lower jaw is slight and thin, and the chin recedes rapidly from the lower lip? The eyes, too, in some respects the most expressive feature in the countenance—can any general rule be devised in accordance with which their form and movements can be relied on as expressive of the life within? The eyes, it is to be especially remarked, are usually the most unfailing index of what is passing in the mind, because they refuse to yield to that control by which persons of strong determination can stay the spontaneous movements of their other features. The lips may be made to simulate mirth, or enjoyment, or anger; but the true tale is told by those peculiar variations in the brilliancy and quality of the iris of the eye which are familiar to every one, and are yet so difficult to define. This mobility and change of light in the eye is, too, the one human peculiarity in which the countenance of the brute creation is not totally deficient as an expression of thought. No one can study the varied looks of an intelligent dog, and not recognise in his watching, pleading, and sympathetic eyes a certain mysterious reproduction of the thoughts and emotions of humanity itself. Man, it is well said, is a god to his dog; and there are dogs the look of whose eyes is as near an expression of "worship" as can be conceived, short of its expression as we see it among ourselves. As to the contour and size of the forehead and the skull, which, rightly or wrongly, are held to be the one chief indication of the hidden character, they scarcely enter into what Lavater and his followers call the science of physiognomy. The skull being a close-fitting case for the brain, its bulk and its form are usually a mere outer reproduction of the bulk and the form of the brain itself; whereas the speculations of physiognomy, if worth anything, must rest ultimately on certain physiological facts of a far more recondite and impalpable description.

That some sort of connection does actually exist between the movements of the countenance and the movements of the mind is, of course, one of the most obvious of all facts. The changes in the mouth that accompany mirth are, in every people on earth, unlike those that accompany pain and sorrow. And so with every other feature, from the mere dilating of the nostrils, which speaks of emotions not far removed from that savage ferocity which in the brute world betrays itself by similar physical signs, up to the most delicate and subtle play of the eyes and of the lips; it is not to be denied that so far there exists a sort of *a priori* probability that there may be something in the whole physiognomical theory, and that thousands of years hence, when exact physiological observation has become a common gift among men, the scientific world may be in possession of sufficient data to frame a trustworthy classification of the phenomena of our faces. In the meantime, notwithstanding the enthusiastic claims of the amiable Zurich pastor, and of the author of the new abridgment of his celebrated book now before us, it is to be feared that we must be content to look at the noses, eyes, and chins of our friends from the artistic and poetical point of view rather than with any serious expectation of contributing towards the creation of a science. For the same reason, except in those cases where the "poverty but not the will consents," we should imagine that most people would find Lavater's pleasant and often instructive talk, in its original shape, more agreeable reading than this attempt (not unsuccessful) to recast his speculations in a series of connected chapters. There is something peculiarly attractive

in the five stately folio volumes of the original English translation of 1789, with their grave simplicity of title—"Essays on Physiognomy, designed to promote the Knowledge and the Love of Mankind," and its marvellously chosen motto, "God created man in His own image." The long series of "Fragments," and "Additions," in which Lavater set down his thoughts in his own inimitably simple, queer, sentimental, and exclamatory style, is just fitted for a study in which observation and fancy continually melt into one another by insensible degrees. The innumerable engravings too in the old folios are but ill represented by the few feeble and diminutive outlines in this epitome, which are, in fact, little better than caricatures.

Lavater is, indeed, just one of those writers whose books must be read as an integral portion of themselves. Apart from the man himself, it is impossible to do justice to what he says, either about his subject, or himself, or men and women and the world in general. A fair amount of this pleasant flavour of personality has, it must be admitted, been preserved by the present compiler, notwithstanding the evaporating process to which he has subjected the original. Such is the opening of the "General Remarks on Women":—

It may be necessary for me to say, that I am but little acquainted with the female part of the human race. Any man of the world must know more of them than I can pretend to know. My opportunities of seeing them at the theatre, at balls, or at the card-table, where they best may be studied, have been exceedingly few. In my youth I almost avoided women, and was never in love.

Oh happy man! one is tempted to exclaim, to have lived when social science meetings were unknown, when the rights of women had not been invented, and Madame de Staël was a girl of twelve years old. Nevertheless, with that entire inconsequence in reasoning which is really one of the pleasantest things about him, the good man discourses incessantly about women without the smallest hesitation. His views on parents and children are accordingly as quaint as they are dogmatic. A morally good father, he holds, has morally good sons, but if they are also clever, it is owing to the mother's cleverness; daughters, on the contrary, are like their mothers in all things. On babies, his view seems to be rather that of the monthly nurse than that of the unbiased and philosophic student. They are, he says, more like their parents an hour or two after their birth than ever afterwards. On noses and their hereditary transmission, his theory is naturally full of details. Parents with small noses may have children with very big noses; but if either father or mother has a very large-boned nose, at least one of the children is equally favoured, and the big nose becomes hereditary, especially if starting in the female line. When a mother has fine eyes, they almost infallibly become hereditary, because all women delight in meditating on the beauty of their eyes when brilliant; but if they would only think as much about their noses as they do about their eyes, then the form of nose would be equally hereditary. In another chapter we have a corollary on the great nose question as concerns babies, and it is suggested that the boldly marked profile, which is so striking about an hour after birth, is really destroyed by the flattening effects of the position in which the infant absorbs its natural food. On Jews, Lavater is as original as on babies. He thinks them quick of speech, hasty and abrupt in all their actions; and he decides that this character is intimately connected with their black curly hair and brown complexions. "I imagine," he adds, "that the Jews have more gall than other men."

In none of his discussions, however, does this delightful *naïveté* come out with more unconscious oddity than in the grave and serious fragment wherein he describes the qualifications necessary in a physiognomist. "A smatterer in physiognomy," we quote the folio of 1789, "whose mind is feeble and his heart corrupted, is, in my opinion, the most contemptible and the most dangerous of beings." "Without the advantages of a good figure," he continues, "it is impossible to become an excellent physiognomist," this momentous qualification being seriously defended on the "who-drives-fat-oxen-must-himself-be-fat" principle; with the addition of a lamentation over the modern decay of beauty under the influence of climate, politics, hot rooms, drinking, and poor food, and a warning to the ugly to beware of entering the "sanctuary of physiognomy," founded on the Biblical text which begins, "The light of the body is the eye." Then, further, the physiognomist must understand anatomy, be a good draughtsman, and be conspicuous for the exercise of all the cardinal virtues. Above all, his knowledge of his own heart must be perfect, and whenever he happens to look into a looking-glass "while an irregular emotion arises in his heart," he must be covered with blushes at the sight of the perturbed character of the expressive countenance thus revealing the irregularities within." Then follows the honest "addition" that, in thus tracing the perfect physiognomist, the author has pronounced his own condemnation. Nevertheless, he has written a book which, with all its eccentricities and extravagances, is probably destined to survive yet many a year to come. The day is past, indeed, when we can hear without a smile that the object of the study of physiognomy is to promote religion and virtue by exhibiting the Divine perfections in the human countenance. But even in such a theory there may be detected a certain glimmering of truth; while, if "the proper study of mankind is man," Lavater himself will never cease to present a subject for study as curious as anything he has written in his childlike simplicity.

* *Physiognomy; a complete Epitome of the original Work of J. C. Lavater.* London: Tegg. 1866.

THE GREEK PASTORAL POETS.*

AMIDST a host of classical translations, issued in response to the demand of the day, care should be taken not to overlook those two or three highly meritorious publications of this class which, though as good as anything of the sort produced by this generation, were the unappreciated offspring of that immediately preceding. In our literature poetic translation occupies a place to which it seldom or never attained in the times when would-be poets had not yet ceased to set up Byron for a model. Frere's Aristophanic translations, as well as his *Theognis*, circulated privately, were a treat even then to scholars and men of letters. Now, they command a price in the second-hand book market equally indicative of their rarity and of the estimation in which they are held. And though, thirty years ago, when Dr. Chapman's *Theocritus* first appeared, it made comparatively little way—so little, indeed, that persons professing some interest in classical matters have been known to confuse the identity of the Bucolic Chapman with that of his Elizabethan namesake who translated Homer—at last there are hopeful signs of a tardy recognition of its value. Mr. Bohn, indeed, had sufficient discernment of its excellence to append it to the prose translation in his *Classical Series*; and now there seems to have arisen a call upon the author, who is in failing health, to put forth another edition of his very readable version. He has obeyed a sound instinct in acceding to this call. Although no doubt, in his *Greek Pastoral Poets*, as in his *Hebrew Idylls*, there may here and there lurk a flaw for the keen eye of criticism to discover, we question whether any new translation of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus in these days would more faithfully represent the original, or approach Dr. Chapman in the excellence of those illustrations from the best English poetry with which he has enriched his notes. It is plain that he did not gird himself to his task till he had ascertained his inherent aptitude for it. To copious and varied English reading he adds a rare facility of expression, and a happy power of infusing into his own verse the manifold parallelisms with which Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Milton, Sir John Suckling, and others of our poets, occasionally remind us of Theocritus. It is creditable, indeed, to his discrimination that he chose this particular subject, which could not be said to be pre-occupied, since Fawkes, who translated everything that came in his way, falls flatly on the ear in his tame version; while Polwhele, who had some repute as a letter-writer, and perhaps as an antiquary, is certainly not at his ease in translating poems of which ease and simplicity are the pre-eminent features.

Dr. Chapman's gift, as we have said, is just this ease and unlaboured effect. What he finds simply put in Theocritus he sets before English readers in simple, and at the same time graceful and musical, language. He has to deal with a poet (we speak now not of those second-class imitators, Bion and Moschus, but of the master of pastoral song himself) who, though born in an age and amidst a literary set which affected archaism, and made great show of tedious, if curious, erudition, had originality enough to strike out for himself a path of his own; a poet who, whether he delineates character or describes pastoral scenes and groupings, whether he is weaving a miniature epic or panegyricizing a Hiero or Ptolemy, never falls into tediousness, never forgets the "modus in rebus," never overdoes his subject or overdresses his language. Theocritus is the Greek poet of all others—after Homer, and perhaps the greater tragedians, *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*—of whom it were a praise worth the pains to be counted the translator; and we have little expectation of seeing a version which shall eclipse Dr. Chapman's.

The general term *Idyls*, i.e. little pictures of life, represents most exactly, yet comprehensively, the products of the Theocritean Muse. And though it might be easy to classify these idyls in four or five subdivisions, all will be found true to one pervading design—the lively depicting of some scene, character, or tale of passion or adventure within brief limits, and with due regard to the unities, or, so to speak, to the capabilities of the canvas. Equally pervasive of them all is the characteristic of simplicity. No one need rack his brains for the interpretation of a poet so transparently clear. But, to do him justice, a translator of fine, clear, lucid perception and expression is needed. Let us see whether Dr. Chapman has not succeeded to a wonderful degree in throwing himself into the spirit of the original. Of course we look, first and foremost, to the pastoral or bucolic idyls of Theocritus—those which constitute his chief claim to fame in modern estimation; though, in truth, his manifest power in other fields of poetry proves a title far wider poetic successes and sympathies. We may be content, then, to look for Theocritus at his best—

ἀπὸ τοῦ θόκος

τῆνος ὁ ποιμενικός καὶ τὰ ὄρεα.—i. 23.

Where the thick oaks stand round the shepherd's seat;

and to hear him at noontide, under the clear sky, discourse such sweet Doric music as shall neither disturb Pan at his siesta, nor disconcert the larks and lizards snatching a similar nap, nor yet seem ill-timed or harsh to the rustic, who is duly mindful,

Up with the lark, to reap, and cease as soon
As the lark sleeps, but rest himself at noon.

Indeed, there are charming photographs of nature in the first

idyl, wherein *Thyrsis* and a goatherd are, for the dialogue's sake, introduced; the former, indeed, taking the chief part, but the latter being something more than mere audience and umpire, seeing that his description of his ivy-cup and its carving is one of the prettiest passages to be gleaned from the whole range of the idyls. A painter might do worse than transfer to his canvas that sketch of the boy and the foxes in the vineyard. He might catch from a study of the text the attitude and expression of the slack watcher, who is like to lose his own as well as his master's property:—

A little boy sits by the thorn-hedge trim
To watch the grapes—two foxes watching him.

Meanwhile he twines and to a rush fits well
A locust trap with stalks of asphodel;
And twines away with such absorbing glee,
Of scrip or vines he never thinks—not he!—P. 8.

The rendering of the Greek, especially in the last couplet, is sufficiently close, without loss of natural force. Not, however, till we listen to the song of *Thyrsis*, and are deep in the sorrows of *Daphnis*, do the breath of the pastoral pipe, the presence of the "*Sicelides Muse*," and the actual *Ætnean* strains seem to hem us in. Here Dr. Chapman is an interpreter as well as a translator, catching as he does the clue to the whole story; to wit, that *Daphnis* was another *Hippolytus* as regards love, and so laid himself open to the taunts and persecution of *Venus*. The metaphor from wrestling, in the lines (l. 97-8):—

τὸ θην τὸν ἔρωτα κατείχο, Δάφνι, λυγίζῃν
ὑπὸ οὐκ αὐτὸς ἔρωτος ὑπ' ἀγαλίῳ ἰλυγίζῃ;

is well preserved in Dr. Chapman's translation:—

She said, "To conquer love did *Daphnis* boast;
But, *Daphnis*, is not love now uppermost?"

but is to a great extent lost sight of in the English of Fawkes:—

"*Daphnis*, you boasted you could love subdue.
But tell me, has not love defeated you?"

The Cornish Polwhele, too, seems to have overlooked this metaphor—an omission which must be ascribed to deficient scholarship, seeing that a man of his county would have welcomed an allusion to wrestling, had he been able to recognise it. We must admit, however, that Dr. Chapman himself seems to have made a slip in the half line immediately preceding. βαρὺν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔχουσα surely does not mean "pretending ire," but "nursing deep her ire." This setting of the face against the power of love is a favourite theme of the pastoral poets. It is met with again in the sixth idyl, where *εὐσείρωτα* indicates the same state of mind as *εὐσεύω* applied to *Daphnis* in the first. A few lines from "the Herdsmen" will give a sample of Chapman's average, and a comparison of them with the Greek will prove his happy imitative faculty (*Theocr.* vi. 6-19):—

With apples *Galatea* pelts thy sheep,
Inviting one whose pulses never leap
To love, whilst thou, cold *Polypheme*, dost pipe
Regardless of the sea-born beauty ripe.
And lo! she pelts the watch-dog—with a bound
He barking starts and angry looks around,
Then bays the sea; the waves soft murmuring show
An angry dog fast running to and fro.
Take heed he leap not on her, coming fresh
From the sea-wave, and tear her dainty flesh.
But like the thistle-down, when summer glows,
The sportive nymph, soft moving, comes and goes;
Pursues who flies her, her pursuer flies,
And moves the landmark of love's boundaries.
What is not lovely, lovely oft doth seem
To the bewilder'd lover, *Polypheme*.—P. 56.

Echoes of this passage strike on the ear of the readers of Latin or English poetry, and invite a comparison which is sure to result in increase of favour to Theocritus. Of his broader dialogue it is hard to give samples; but at his broadest and coarsest he is only relatively broad and coarse. And it is but bare justice to Dr. Chapman to say that he is as clever a hand at putting untranslatable allusions into "parliamentary language" as ever essayed to rid the field of translation of the smut that tainted the original. For instance, we may refer to idyl i. 151-2, p. 12, and idyl v. 147-50. This is doing a good turn for his author.

It must not, however, be fancied that Dr. Chapman excels in representing one phase only of the poetry of his original. Theocritus shows no less strength, where he exerts it, in depicting the vehemence of passion than in realizing the poetic encounters of shepherds and goatherds. In its way, and for an idyl, the *Pharmaceutria* has a few striking bits of tragic force and sensation. Take for an example *Simætha's* contrast of the stilly sea at night with her own raging breast:—

ἦντι σιγῇ μιν πόντος, σιγῶντι δ' αἶθρα·
ἀ δ' ἡμὰ οὐ σιγῇ στήθων ἐντροσθὲν ἀνία,
ἀλλ' ἔτι τῆνω πᾶσα καταδομαί, ὅς μὲ τῶλαυαν
ἀντι γυναικὸς ἔθηκε κακὴν καὶ ἀπάρθενον ἡμιν.—ii. 37-41.

These lines have a faithful exponent in Dr. Chapman, who evinces much sympathy of taste and expression with his original:—

The sea is silent, not a breath doth steal
Over the stillness; but the troubled din
Of passion is not hushed my heart within;
I burn for him, who hath defamed my life,
Undone a virgin, made me not his wife.—P. 27.

The description, too, of her emotion at seeing *Delphis* cross her threshold (p. 21) is of equal power and force; and akin, in some

* *The Greek Pastoral Poets: Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus.* Done into English by M. J. Chapman, M.D., Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Third Edition, revised. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1866.

measure, is the picture of Hercules distracted at the loss of Hylas, in the idyl bearing his name. The only fault in this last is a slipshod insertion to eke out the final couplet. The Greek runs:—

πρωτὸ δ' ἐς Κόλῳχος τέ, καὶ ἄξενον ἴκτο Φάσιν.—Id. xiii. 75.

which Dr. Chapman renders:—

While trudges he (and sad his case is)
To Colchos and inhospitable Phasis.

Neither exigency of rhyme nor any other plea can license the italicized words. Seldom, however, can a like instance of carelessness or bad taste be discovered in this translator. The only other which much familiarity with Chapman's Theocritus has enabled us to spy out is where, in idyl xv. 89, he translates *παῖδ' ἀνθρώπου*, by a vulgarism common at the date of the first edition, but now happily obsolete, "Who's you?"

Much might be said of the pretensions of Theocritus to a high place in epic poetry, and of the singular aptness with which his translator catches this, as indeed every other, tone of his original. Some of the quasi-epic idyls are turned into heroic verse. Others fall naturally and easily into Dr. Chapman's polished Spenserian stanzas. But, perhaps, setting aside the purely pastoral idyls, no others of Theocritus show such genius as the "mimetic." It is as good as a play to hear Gorgo and Praxinoa chattering in an Alexandrian crowd, much as two of their sex would chatter in a Park crush when the Queen is going to open Parliament. They entrap an old woman into talk, and crack jokes about her wise saws. One of them falls foul of a stranger who has trodden on her cloak, but changes her abuse into good words when his mild answer turns away wrath. Bad luck, however, betides the second stranger who would fain check their tongues at the show. They talk at him so decidedly that the reader feels sure that he will never interfere with two women in a crowd again. Quite as worthy of note are the 14th idyl, "Cynisca," and the 21st, the "Fishermen," both in themselves and in the translated form. The moral of the last, administered by the matter-of-fact fisherman to his more imaginative brother, is as good as any Æsopian moral:—

Hunt for the foodful fish, that is, not seems;
For fear you starve amid your golden dreams.—P. 166.

The one or two mistranslations, e.g. *ἐς τὸν Ἀλντα*, vii. 1, and perhaps *σχημα*, in x. 35, are trifling and unimportant. For the most part, Dr. Chapman's version is distinguished by exceptional accuracy; whilst his grace, neatness, and general good taste entitle him to the compliment which Quintilian applied to Theocritus himself, that he is "admirabilis in suo genere."

ORTHOPRAXY.*

ONE of the chief requirements for getting on in these days is a due supply of polysyllabic titles, having the true classical ring, wherewith to dignify the wares which are to be recommended. If any energetic *entrepreneur* were to devote his attention to this subject, he would deserve well of his country. The machinery is ready to his hand. He need only come to arrangements with both Universities for the exclusive appropriation of all their classical resources, allowing the hands (Dons, Tutors, Fellows, and such like) the benefit of the Factory Act for restricting their hours of labour. The resulting Limited Liability Company "for developing the Universities in accordance with the spirit of the age, to supply commercial enterprise with authentic classical designations for distinguishing the fruits of original discovery," would certainly not exceed in absurdity many schemes which are solemnly submitted as affording eligible opportunities for investment. Forty, or even thirty, years ago, those who sold coats or hats or carriages used to borrow the names of notoriety of the day, especially affecting aristocratic titles, to distinguish their goods. It is possibly because of the advancement of learning and the march of intellect that Liddell and Scott have now superseded Debrett and Burke, and that, as Mr. Planché wrote, "everything's in Latin now but what's in Greek." The new system has the disadvantage, however, of being somewhat puzzling. One would hardly guess that a wooden-leg shop is meant when an orthopædic studio is mentioned, that an anhydropesterion means a potato-steamer, that the panklibanon is a furnishing ironmongery shop, or that a medicine of astringent and sedative qualities is described by the word chlorodyne—literally, "a green pain." No one can go along Oxford-street without being conscious that an institution set up for the laudable object of curing club-foot proclaims itself to be a straightener, not of feet, but of boys—orthopædic, instead of orthopodic. But this is not the worst of it. Confused words lead to confused ideas. Since the grand new-made title rather overpowers the unpretending art or object it describes, it becomes necessary to restore the equilibrium; so the trade is elevated into an "art," and the mechanical art to the rank of a "science." It is difficult to assign a limit to this method of development. Why shall not Professor Brown, who cuts hair or makes coats on purely scientific principles, be as great a man as any other *savant* who applies the lessons of philosophy to practical ends? Why should not "Orthopraxy" have a representative in the Council of Medical Education? For, strange as it may seem,

there is really put forth, in Mr. Bigg's book on *Orthopraxy*, a claim for the elevation of what the author calls mechanical therapeutics into a "distinct branch of the art and science of medicine." Every surgeon may, if he chooses, call the application of a leg-splint an instance of the use of mechanical therapeutics, or the physician prescribing a dose of salts may say that he is practising chemical therapeutics; but, so far as really distinct specialities go, there are already more than enough of them without the addition of a class of mechanical therapeutists.

Mr. Bigg devotes a portion of his really useful work to a careful compendious survey of the ancient and modern treatment of deformities before the introduction of tenotomy, and when tension was chiefly used. Tenotomy merely signifies the cutting of tendons, and does not explain the use and object of the process. But the meaning it conveys is that, if a limb be distorted by contraction of its muscles, additional length may be afforded by cutting the cords which brace up either end of the said muscles. This is effected by dividing them beneath the skin, and separating the divided surfaces; when nature is so obliging as to fill up the intervening space with equally elastic tissue, so that, for instance, if it be a club-foot which is operated upon, the foot may come down flat on the ground by reason of the extra play thus given to it. For an instrument-maker to write of cases under his care in which "his friend" Mr. A. or Mr. B., the consulting surgeon, was good enough to assist him by performing tenotomy, is perhaps a little presumptuous. It is desirable that every surgeon should be well acquainted with the capabilities of, and the limits to, mechanical appliances for the mutilated or disabled body. It is equally or even more important for mechanicians to know something of the human frame, in order that they may be familiar with the direction and length of its levers, the resisting and sustaining power of its various fixed points and fulcra of movement, the physical endowment and approximate power of the muscles that apply force, and the shapes and degrees of motion of the joints that terminate the long bones. But let surgeon and craftsman each be content to work in his own department.

It is strange that so many ages should have gone by before the adoption of the principle of elastic tension to the cure of deformity. Almost simultaneously it occurred to Tiphaine of Paris, and to Sheldrake of London, that a distorted foot might be gradually drawn out of its faulty position by the adaptation of a spring so applied as to overcome the action of the set of muscles that had drawn it out of the straight line. Tiphaine's instrument is said to have been pirated, in 1781, by Scarpa, surviving in the shoe that bears the great Italian's name. Sheldrake was the predecessor in business of Mr. Bigg. He wrote a tract, in 1794, describing and recommending elastic tension, applied on the same principle, though not in the same manner, as in Scarpa's shoe. He also published some papers on the results of his treatment, which are valuable records of the good obtained before tenotomy was practised. Elastic tension means the simple stretching to their full length, by the aid of powerful tensile machinery, of those contracted muscles which in the operation of tenotomy are divided. The employment of india-rubber to counteract distorting influences has of late years been extensively and successfully adopted for the setting straight of contracted extremities, in place of the metal springs formerly used.

Since the earliest days of surgery, deformed spines and contracted joints have been treated with various degrees of violence. In the time of Hippocrates, a humpbacked patient was tied lengthways to a ladder, hauled up head downwards, and let down with a jerk. In our own day, M. Louvrier has devised, and actually used, a machine for forcibly tearing contracted joints out of the bent into the straight position. But the general teaching of modern surgery is of a far milder kind. Mr. Bigg discusses successively the deformities, debilities, and deficiencies of the whole body, and details the mechanical means of treatment. He writes clearly, describes lucidly, and displays throughout a good practical knowledge of his business. But it would be well if, in a future edition, he would add a chapter on the essential component parts of instruments generally. We see from his plates that they almost all consist of various adaptations of a few leading principles. One of the most commonly used appliances is the cog-wheel, altering the angle which two surfaces or lines form with each other. Elastic force, applied either by a steel spring or an india-rubber band, is another important element in mechanical treatment. It is variously adapted, sometimes to the replacement of paralysed muscles, sometimes to the strengthening of a set overcome by undue action or a shortened condition of their antagonists. Some of the most interesting and useful examples of the value of elasticity are afforded by the contrivances for utilizing paralysed or partially paralysed limbs. In days not very long ago, such limbs were doomed to amputation. A very few years before Stromeyer introduced tenotomy, it is recorded that a leg was cut off in Germany for a club-foot. At the present time, any intelligent surgical mechanist can restore the movements of an insufficiently innervated limb by the assistance of a few cords of india-rubber, and one or more broad leather bands embracing the limb or the trunk, and affording fixed points for the artificial muscles to pull upon. In pp. 584-589 of Mr. Bigg's work he describes the means that succeeded in restoring to use a leg and thigh paralysed anteriorly from the hip to the toes, where the deficient extensor power was supplemented by elastic bands, and the defective limb slung to the pelvis on the sound side. The description is too long for an extract, but it really presents a triumph of mechanical

* *Orthopraxy; the Mechanical Treatment of Deformities, Debilities, and Deficiencies of the Human Frame. A Manual.* By Henry Heather Bigg, Assoc. Instit. C.E., &c. &c. &c. London: John Churchill & Sons. 1865.

adaptation. Movement, either by cog-wheels or elastic means, presupposes the existence of some fixed points to pull upon. The best mode of securing such fixed points with ease to the patient, efficiency for the instrument, and non-interference with sound parts, so as neither to cripple a healthy joint, impede any function, nor produce hurtful pressure, is a most important object in mechanical treatment. Hence, to secure the proper bearing of an instrument is essential to the surgeon's success and the patient's comfort. Speaking generally, an instrument will fit better and more comfortably in proportion as its surfaces of pressure against the body are widely diffused, and not localized in spots and narrow lines. In obtaining a fixed point for an instrument, very much depends also on the shape and texture of the part of the body. Orthopedic (as we venture to call them) surgeons know how difficult it is to keep instruments from slipping on the little fat legs of infants, and there is yet wanting a good general treatise on the application and adjustment of instruments.

The imitation of lost or damaged organs, such as the eye, the lip, the external ear, &c., falls within the legitimate sphere of the surgical mechanist. There is more scope for the surgeon than for the mechanician in supplementing the loss of tissue, or of organs or parts of organs, in this region, by the manifold resources of plastic surgery. In the upper limbs the elbow is the joint most frequently affected; its contractions may be often overcome by slow extension at the centre of motion, the arm and forearm being each received in and bound to a kind of trough. It is usual to place the troughs on the convexity of the contraction—the opposite to the plan pursued in treating contraction of the knee. Contractions in all parts of the upper limbs are treated by the use of troughs and ratchet-wheels so arranged as to secure a fixed surface and a centre of motion in the required direction. Contraction of the whole of the fingers, occasioned by a sword-cut, has been thus successfully operated on.

The subject of the formation and application of spinal supports is copiously and clearly treated in the work under notice. The lucid manner in which the application of these instruments is described especially deserves commendation. Practically it often happens that a sufferer, after incurring the trouble of a journey to London and the cost of an elaborate instrument, is disappointed of much anticipated comfort because the nurse, or even the family doctor, is not up to the manipulation of the apparatus. Much has been written on the relative advantages of treating spinal disease by instruments or couches. In these cases there can be no doubt of the superiority of the treatment that allows the body generally to be exercised while the affected part of the back is kept at rest; and this can only be attained by the adoption of a very light and portable instrument. Numerous appliances have been devised for the cure or relief of lateral curvature of the spine. The usual plan comprises a padded steel circle resting upon the hips, and carrying two crutches for the arm-pits. To this is attached an upright bar of steel, which passes straight upwards and carries one or two padded plates, precisely on the bulge of the ribs, thus imitating the action of the hands when an attempt is made to move the body by manual force back into the straight position. The modifications of this general device are many, according to the necessities of particular cases. But nearly all the instruments appear to fail in one essential point—the pressure being made on the greatest projection of the ribs, and not of the spine. Now it is the curved spine that carries the ribs with it, and makes them protrude, not the ribs that carry the spine with them. Pressure applied on the projecting ribs may flatten the bowed-out protuberance and produce an appearance of improvement; but in too many cases this pressure is expended upon the ribs when it ought to be applied in straightening the spine. Apparent straightness, or rather diminution of deformity, may ensue; but the surgeon fails to verify the imagined improvement when the line of the spine itself is examined. An instrument for curvature is valuable in proportion as it acts against the backbone directly. The area of pressure might with advantage be increased upwards and downwards, and diminished laterally. As the spine itself resumes the straight direction, it carries the ribs towards their natural position; hence a simple band of elastic webbing is often preferable to the constant force of a padded steel-plate. Mr. Bigg recognises the ill-effects of pressing the ribs rather than the spine, and mentions a very illustrative case of the consequences that may result. *Apròpos* of the treatment of spinal weakness by gymnastics, there is added in this work a sort of excursus on the anatomy of the back. It is proper that the author should be well informed on this subject, and be able to call the parts of the body by their Latin names; but when he canters his hobby with a slack rein through eighteen pages of heavy description, the exhibition is palpably laborious to the writer, and not very instructive to the reader.

The subject of instruments for all the varieties of club-foot is treated in an almost exhaustive manner. Mr. Bigg has manifestly made himself acquainted with the surgeon's requirements in cases of this nature, and the instrument designed by him, and represented on p. 533, possesses more merit than any other contrivance hitherto introduced. Several ingenious adaptations for knock-knees are mentioned, but surgeons who have seen the results obtained by the use of simple well-applied splints and bandages will be slow to discard the more simple apparatus. Few of the cures attained by orthopedic surgery are more showy than the straightening of a pair of really bad knock-knees, when the heels, for example, are twenty-two inches apart at the

beginning of the treatment. So far as concerns artificial limbs, it would seem only necessary to supply Mr. Bigg with a sound stump, and he will get almost as much work out of it as Archimedes out of his lever. It would, indeed, appear as though he and others of his craft had taken hints from Nature in her arrangement of the exo-skeleton in the articulation, where the muscles are attached to points on the *inside* of the dense structure which serves to give shape and firmness to the body. He points out with clearness the truth that the artificial leg should take its bearing, not on the most dependent or most projecting part of the stump, but in the line where the weight of the body is transmitted downwards. The American leg invented by Dr. Bly receives high praise. It was this instrument which an enthusiastic admirer recommended as a cure to a friend liable to sprains of the ankle; the passing inconvenience of amputation being outweighed by the superiority of the artificial over the natural limb.

This useful book owes no small part of its lucidity and value to two hundred and fifty accurate woodcuts. The author has not allowed us the opportunity of complimenting the artist by name. If they are the production of Mr. Bigg's own pencil, we congratulate him on his modesty no less than on his artistic skill.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ALPHONSE DANTIER is an indefatigable writer. Not that he has poured forth before the public volumes upon volumes like M. Dumas or M. Capefigue, but he has undertaken to discuss a subject the magnitude of which would frighten ordinary mortals—we mean the history of the Benedictines. The *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, and the *Annales*, in the goodly array of their ponderous folios, are formidable enough; but fancy that collection further enlarged! If M. Dantier carries out his plan in a shape suited to modern taste and modern leisure, he will have rendered a great service to the studious part of the community. In the meanwhile, he presents us with a couple of volumes * treating of the Benedictine monasteries of Italy, being the result of an archaeological tour which he undertook about fifteen years ago at the suggestion of M. Vitet and by command of the French Government. The book is a kind of *Museum Italicum*, like Mabillon's well-known work, but with the difference that M. Dantier's predecessor composed his journal when the Benedictine congregation was still in the heyday of prosperity, whilst the volumes now before us contain the memorials of an order threatened by the Italian Government with immediate destruction. After an introduction describing the rise of monasticism, its gradual progress during the middle ages, and the services it rendered to civilization, M. Dantier relates the legend, as he calls it, of St. Benedict, and devotes nearly the whole of the first volume to a history of the famous abbey of Monte-Cassino. The narrative is the more interesting because the author does not confine himself to a dry sketch of bygone times and of mediæval society. His own personal impressions constantly enliven the work, and extracts from his travelling note-book make it very pleasant reading. The principal places described in the second volume are Bobbio, Subiaco, and Camaldoli. M. Dantier discusses in a separate chapter the great value of the Benedictine Chronicles; and he concludes with an account of the present precarious state of the illustrious order, which he laments on account of the benefits it has heretofore conferred upon society.

The lecturing mania seems to have obtained a permanent footing on the other side of the Channel, and has seized even the *Faculté de Médecine*, a body hitherto deemed to be proof against all innovations. Thirteen *Historical Conférences* †, delivered during the course of the year 1865, and now published in a handsome octavo, sufficiently show that the most special of subjects, if judiciously treated, can be rendered generally interesting, and that science can be blended with biographical details in such a manner as to attract unprofessional hearers or readers. Harvey and Jenner represent England, Hoffman and Stahl Germany, in this suggestive gallery, which goes as far back as Celsus, and brings us down to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The fifth volume of M. Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis* ‡ does not consist exclusively of articles published in the *Constitutionnel*. The interesting notice of the late M. Charles Magnin appeared first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and that on M. Emile Littré was written at the request of M. Hachette, and afterwards printed separately at the time when the learned translator of Hippocrates stood as candidate for one of the *fauteuils* in the Académie Française. As each fresh instalment of the *Nouveaux Lundis* is sent forth, we notice that M. Sainte-Beuve takes the opportunity of squaring accounts with some of his literary rivals or adversaries. It was M. de Pontmartin lately; now it is M. de Barthélemy, whose only fault, however, appears to be that he has published a few *inédits* scraps about La Rochefoucauld and the *précieuses* of the seventeenth century. M. Sainte-Beuve seems to regard this as a kind of literary poaching, nor does he hesitate to show his displeasure at it. The articles on

* *Les Monastères Bénédictins d'Italie*. Par Alph. Dantier. Paris: Didier.

† *Faculté de Médecine de Paris, Conférences Historiques faites pendant l'année 1865*. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Nouveaux Lundis*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vol. 5. Paris: Lévy.

Horace Vernet, on Terence, and on the Countess of Albany, are amongst the best in his new volume.

The Abbé Bautain, formerly one of the most brilliant disciples of the French eclectic school of philosophy, but now Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Paris, has just published, under the title *Manuel de Philosophie Morale**, a kind of *résumé* of his lectures delivered both at Strasburg and at the Sorbonne. He begins with remarking on the immutable character of ethical science amidst the constant vicissitudes of metaphysical speculation. When he first applied himself to the study of philosophy, the doctrines of Condillac were still triumphant in France, and he directed his earliest efforts against it, under the auspices of M. Royer-Collard. Eclecticism, having ultimately remained in possession of the battlefield, was, in its turn, modified. Here it received the impress of Platonism; there, leavened with the ideas of Kant, it inclined towards scepticism; elsewhere, Schelling's influence acted upon it; and, finally, it bowed under the yoke of Hegel. Hegelianism, then, is the latest manifestation of French metaphysics—Hegelianism such as Hegel himself would scarcely acknowledge, and which resolves itself into the grossest materialism. M. Bautain goes on to say that our modern materialists, instead of dealing their chief blows at metaphysical philosophy, which, after all, exerts very little influence upon the great majority of the people, are directing all their efforts to the destruction of religious belief. Hence the necessity of meeting the enemy on their own ground, and of opposing to them a system of ethics derived from Christianity. The *Manuel de Philosophie Morale* is intended to bring about that result. It is well written, and consists of a certain number of doctrinal statements, to each of which are appended, in smaller print, explanatory details.

The second series of M. Crépét's *Trésor Épistolaire de la France*† begins, like the first, with a few general remarks describing the ground over which we are to be taken, and the personages whose names figure in the table of contents. After the brilliant literary era of the seventeenth century, a sudden break occurs, and Bossuet, Fénelon, and Boileau, give place to Saint Evremont, Fontenelle, and Lamotte-Houdart. Hamilton is the first epistolary writer of merit whom we meet; we have then the amusing letters of Madame de Staël-Delaunay, the delightful *naïveté* of Mademoiselle Aïssé, Madame du Deffand's gossip, and the vehement passion of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. We need scarcely say that Voltaire and the *Encyclopédistes* have contributed a large proportion to M. Crépét's collection. Napoleon I., Madame de Staël, Ducis, Victor Jacquemont, and Paul Louis Courier are also worthily represented; and the whole volume, which is judiciously annotated, forms a *recueil* of special interest.

Don Miguel d'Antas, Portuguese Councillor of Legation at the French Court, has written a curious account of the famous King Don Sebastian, and of the impostors who, after the death of that prince, assumed his name. As the author remarks, there is a certain charm in the character of the young monarch who, carried away by his chivalrous ardour, sallied forth in quest of military glory, and lost, amidst the burning sands of Africa, that crown which the victory of Aljubarotta had firmly secured on the head of John I. The first book of the present volume is entirely devoted to the biography of Don Sebastian. It seems certain that, after the catastrophe of Alcacer-el-Xebir, the Portuguese of the higher classes entertained no doubt respecting the death of the King; but the people, on the contrary, were firmly convinced that he had survived, and the stratagem by which a young man succeeded in procuring admission within the walls of Arzila under the name of the monarch, helped to propagate a rumour which four reckless adventurers in succession managed to turn to account. Books II.—V. give the history of the impostors in question—the King of Penamacor, Matheus Alvarès, Gabriel de Espinosa, and Marco Tulio. They owed their transient popularity to a great measure to the despotic harshness of the Spanish Government, and to the violent measures adopted by Philip II. The events going on at that time both at Naples and at Milan, together with the revolt of the Netherlands, were not likely to be unnoticed by the subjugated Portuguese, who were thus easily persuaded to rally around the magic name of Don Sebastian.

Amongst all the various schools of philosophy in antiquity, Stoicism § is that which presents the nearest affinity to the moral teaching of Christianity; and, of the different *nuances* of Stoicism, that which is identified with Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius is more especially interesting as being the final endeavour of ancient heathenism to solve in an independent manner, though (unconsciously) under the influence of the Gospel, the problem of man's destiny. We are not surprised, therefore, at finding M. Montée irresistibly drawn towards the study of the later Stoics; and, as the mysticism of Plotinus and of the Neo-Platonists is almost revived in the midst of the intellectual confusion which France now exhibits, so Epictetus and Seneca have likewise their modern parallels. M. Montée estimates Stoicism from the Christian point of view, but still with a sentiment of admiration. He clearly perceives that the system of the Stoics offers no sanction to morality, because it tells us nothing about our destiny beyond this life. Whatever some persons may say, our belief in God, in

Providence, and in immortality, affects largely the view we take of our duties here below; and for want of understanding this, the Stoics, in spite of their high sense of virtue and their lofty aspirations, could produce no permanent result for the good of the society in which they lived.

Parisian salons*, even in their best days, take us very far from the austere doctrines of the Portico, and the philosophers who exalted man on a kind of inaccessible pedestal, crying "*Procul este, profani*," would have been ill at ease in the drawing-rooms of the Duchess de Laviano and of Madame Boscardi de Villeplaine. Such are the personages who, together with Madame Orfila and the sculptor Pradier, have supplied the materials for the Countess de Bassanville's fourth volume; and in those apartments now for ever silent, in those halls now for ever closed, we watch, as a brilliant procession, all the *bonne compagnie* of the first half of the present century. M. Guizot and M. Thiers, M. Vatout and M. Jules Lecomte, the two Roqueplans, Count de Morny, Count de Flahaut, the Duchess d'Abbrantès, and a host of well-known characters, are introduced to us amidst a variety of sparkling anecdotes which render the book extremely entertaining. There are no more salons now, and Madame de Bassanville regrets the time when ladies, instead of attending lecture-rooms and studying transcendental philosophy, were satisfied with being merely agreeable and doing the honours of their house.

Dr. Büchner, who writes with equal facility in French, in German, in English, and in Latin, has just taken, as the subject of his *thèse* for the LL.D. degree, Shakspeare's comedies.† His notion is that, however great Shakspeare may be in the tragic line, it is quite an exaggeration to ascribe to him high comic powers. Dr. Büchner, in this respect, places him far below, not only Molière, but Ben Jonson. Generally speaking, sadness, says our author, is the fundamental quality of the English stage; the comic element being nothing but a *hors d'œuvre*, intended to relieve the sombre aspect of the drama, and to furnish a brief diversion to the spectators. It follows that the greater the contrast the better; and, accordingly, side by side with the gloomy figures of *Hamlet*, we find the grave-diggers, while we have the grotesque Falstaff amidst the political incidents and the serious episodes of *Henry IV.* Such is the theory in which Dr. Büchner imagines that he has found a key to the understanding and criticism of Shakspeare's comedies.

Five months' correspondence, from May 14 to October 14, 1809, take up the whole of the nineteenth volume of Napoleon's Letters and State Papers.‡ At this rate twelve or fourteen more instalments will be necessary to finish the work. It is clear that a good deal of curtailing is indispensable, and the editorial Commission must feel the necessity of following the Emperor's own advice and *laver son linge sale en famille*; but still it would be awkward to suppress too much, and thus to excite perhaps unjust suspicions as to the nature of the documents withheld from the public. Besides the despatches relating to military operations throughout the Continent, the reader cannot fail to notice a letter of May 14th on the reorganization of Napoleon's private library, a note addressed to Cambacérès on the state of public opinion in Paris (p. 175), and a very curious one to Fouché on the Abbé de Pradt.

Dr. Constantin James combines, in his new work, hygiene with archeology.§ His anxiety has, it seems, been excited by the numerous washes, lotions, unguents, and cosmetics daily to be found on the toilet-table of fashionable ladies, and which are generally prepared from poisonous substances. He took up his pen with the laudable object of cautioning the fair sex against such noxious drugs, and determined upon giving some sound advice to the *Parisiennes*, because, he says, the *Parisiennes* are acknowledged universally as the queens of fashion. But in ancient days it was the Roman ladies who held the magic sceptre, and therefore it is necessary that modern rulers of fashion should know what artifices their predecessors had recourse to for the purpose either of heightening their charms or concealing their infirmities. Hence the twofold division of Dr. James's volume. "The Toilet of a Roman Lady in the Time of Augustus" occupies the former section, whilst the latter is entitled "Advice to a Parisienne on Cosmetics." Of course Ovid is the author of antiquity from whom Dr. James borrows his details; but the extracts quoted are scrupulously correct, and no one need fear to be startled by the *chronique scandaleuse* of classical Rome.

The state of the Roman Empire during the fourth century || has often been made the subject of description; but few modern writers have more thoroughly succeeded in giving us an idea of it than M. Albert de Broglie. His book possesses all the solidity of a true historical work, together with the attractions of a lucid and agreeable style. The author, we need scarcely say, has placed himself at the Roman Catholic stand-point; but he belongs to the party identified with the names of Montalembert, De Falloux, and Dollinger, and his strong religious sympathies do not prevent him

* *Manuel de Philosophie Morale*. Par M. Bautain. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Le Trésor Épistolaire de la France*. Publié par E. Crépét. 2^e Série. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les Faux Don Sebastian, Étude sur l'Histoire de Portugal*. Par Miguel d'Antas. Paris: Durand.

§ *Le Stoïcisme à Rome*. Par P. Montée. Paris: Durand.

* *Les Salons d'Autrefois*. Par Madame la Comtesse de Bassanville. 4^e Série. Paris: Brunet.

† *Les Comédies de Shakspeare*. Thèse par A. Büchner. Paris: Durand.

‡ *Correspondance de Napoléon I.* Vol. 19. Paris: Plon.

§ *Toilette d'une Romaine au Temps d'Auguste, et Conseils à une Parisienne sur les Cosmétiques*. Par le Dr. Constantin James. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain au IV^e Siècle*. 3^e partie, *Valentinien et Théodose*. Par M. Albert de Broglie. Paris: Didier.

from being, in the sphere of politics, the eloquent advocate of a wise liberalism. The two volumes he has just published complete a work upon which he has been for a long time engaged; they begin with the accession of Valentinian to the throne, and end with the death of Theodosius. It is impossible here to give our readers any adequate idea of so important a production, but we may just say that the freedom of the Church from all political control seems to M. de Broglie the only normal state of things. Remarkably, at the close of the second volume, on the plan entertained by Ambrose of strengthening the Empire by identifying it with the Church, he observes that no command of Christ justified, as a matter of principle, an alliance between the political and the religious societies; whilst, in the case of the Roman Empire, that alliance, regarded as a remedial measure, was perfectly hopeless. The gigantic corpse had reached a state of incurable decomposition, and the true interest of the Church was to separate itself from it.

M. Joseph de Rainneville has devoted a volume* to the purpose of showing that the raising of woman to her proper position in society has not been the exclusive result of Christianity. The philosophers and moralists of Greece and Rome, he contends, understood perfectly well the truth in that respect, and the light of nature alone is sufficient to mark out the rights, privileges, and duties of the female portion of humanity. M. de Rainneville's work is a kind of supplement or appendix to the books of Mademoiselle Bader which we have already had occasion to notice—*La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, and *La Femme Biblique*.

Before we pass on to fiction and poetry, we may mention the new *livraison* of M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's excellent *Année Géographique*, Messrs. Hachette's handbook to the Paris International Exhibition of 1867†, and a very interesting little volume containing the account of Admiral Bouvet's services in the French navy.§ We seldom notice periodicals, but the *Revue Archéologique* may justly claim a few words.¶ It is published once a month, and is devoted to essays and memoirs on points connected with the monuments, the literature, and the fine arts of ancient and mediæval society. The first two numbers for the current year contain, amongst other valuable articles, a new recension of the funeral oration of Hyperides, and a paper by M. Mariette on the new table of Abydos. The *Revue Archéologique* gives also a regular report of the meetings of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, and all news of antiquarian interest.

M. Ponsard's *Lion Amoureux*¶, like all the author's previous works, abounds in noble sentiments, poetically expressed. It has the great merit of standing in perfect contrast to the vulgar exhibitions of M. Victorien Sardou, and the characters which it brings before us are not clever rogues. The comedy, however, has one fatal defect; it lacks animation. We fancy that on the stage it will never meet with the success which *Lucrèce*, *Charlotte Corday*, and *L'Honneur et l'Argent* obtained when they first appeared, and have preserved ever since. The subject of *Le Lion Amoureux* is taken from French society under the Directoire; Barras, Hoche, and Madame Tallien being the leading characters.

Amongst recent novels we may mention George Sand's *Monsieur Sylvestre*** already known to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and *Camille*††, in which Madame de Gasparin has once more tried to solve the problem of combining edification with fancy, and preaching with a love story. The title *Les Amazones de Paris*‡‡ will perhaps allure some persons who want to know the Quartier Bréda otherwise than *de visu*, and the portrait prefixed to the volume may possibly dispel their illusions as to the beauty of the aforesaid "amazones." The Duke§§ whom M. Charles Monselet describes as amusing himself is a *roué* of the last century, a friend of Grimoire de la Regnière and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, amongst other eccentric notions, has that of causing himself to be served up on a dish at a supper party. M. Paul Féval's *La Cosaque*|| takes us back to the wars of Buonaparte. It is the history of a lady who, grossly insulted by an Austrian officer, is bent on avenging herself, and kills most melodramatically in a duel the man who has murdered her father. M. Erckmann-Chatrian's *Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple*¶¶ forms a kind of sequel to *Waterloo*; it contains a description of the revolution of 1848, and promises us a further sketch of the Communist insurrection which led to the

Dictatorship of General Cavaignac. *La Maison Forestière** is a fantastic Hoffmannesque novel by the same author; the scene is laid in Germany, and the details are startling both by their horror and their impossibility.

* *La Maison Forestière*. Par M. Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: La Croix.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MR. CHARLES DICKENS will Read DOCTOR MARI-GOLD (first time in London), and **MR. BOB SAWYER'S PARTY**, from "Pickwick," on Tuesday Evening, April 10, at the ST. JAMES'S HALL. The Reading will commence at eight o'clock, and be comprised within Two Hours. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Chappell, 20 New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W.

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* "Almost miraculous."—Vide Times.

DAVENPORT BROTHERS and Mr. FAY.—LAST WEEK IN ENGLAND.—SEANCES, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Evenings at Eight, and on Saturday a Farewell Seance at Three o'clock p.m. Introductory Address by ROBERT COOPER, Esq.—Calisthenic Seance, 3s.; Back Seats, 2s.; Dark Seance, 1s. The BARRONS Davenport and Mr. Fay deny explicitly that they have ever admitted themselves to be conjurers, and they solemnly declare that the manifestations in their presence are not produced by them, by confederates, or by any trick, collusion, or agency of which they have any knowledge.

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* *La Femme dans l'Antiquité*. Par Joseph de Rainneville. Paris: Lévy.

† *L'Année Géographique*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. 4^e année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *L'Exposition Universelle de 1867, Guide de l'Exposant et du Visiteur*. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Précis des Campagnes de l'Amiral Pierre Bouvet*. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Revue Archéologique*, Janvier et Février 1866. Paris: Didier.

¶ *Le Lion Amoureux*, Comédie en vers. Par F. Ponsard, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Lévy.

** *Monsieur Sylvestre*. Par Georges Sand. Paris: Lévy.

†† *Camille*. Par l'auteur des *Horizons Prochains*. Paris: Lévy.

‡‡ *Les Amazones de Paris*. Paris: Dentu.

§§ *M. le Duc s'amuse*. Par Charles Monselet. Paris: Lévy.

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¶¶ *Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple*. Par M. Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: La Croix.

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